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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

A SERMON

Delivered in the South Congregational Church, in Lowell, January 17, being the Sunday following the death of the Hon. Benjamin F. Varnum, by the Rev. Henry A. Miles, Pastor of the South Congregational Society.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.—*Psalm* xxxix. 4.

It is impossible that any word of mine can deepen the impression of the frailty of human life, which the solemn event of the last week must have made upon your minds. Little did we think when, a fortnight ago, I was speaking to you of the number that had departed from us during the past year, and of the probability that some who were then with us would this year follow them 'beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns'—little did any of us think that my words would so soon have an illustration so fearful and so startling. From this body of worshippers, as it then appeared to my eye, from the forms of health and strength before me, who would have selected him as the first victim of the fatal arrows of death? Yet scarcely had he left this altar of God, where he was then worshipping, before he felt that disease which, in eight days, terminated his mortal course, and his remains have been laid in their long resting place—the grave.

Did this event stand alone, by itself, it would be full of the most solemn admonition. Falling so suddenly among us, and taking one in middle life, of frame so robust, and who for a period of more than twenty years had never known disease, we should have regarded ourselves as lost to all sober thoughts, and insensible to them, if it did not arrest our fleeting attention, and call up some serious reflections in our minds. But when we regard this as one in a series of sudden deaths, which have awakened the sympathies of this community, and have come home with peculiar affliction to us, my beloved friends, of this society, how can I forget the fearful truths and warnings, which, as if with the trump of an archangel, it urges upon us? Not two years have passed away since Lawrence, and Long, and Walker, and Locke were with us, with just as fair promise of life as have we.—Another name is now added to this list. They have all gone from this company of worshippers. They have all gone in the maturity of their strength. They have all gone suddenly, in a day not looked for, and at an hour of which they were not aware. And what security have you, my brother, or have I, that we may not, with like quick succession, and with like suddenness, follow in their steps? I take up, then, the words of the pious Psalmist, and adopt his prayer for my prayer. 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.' I am apt to feel careless and secure. I am apt to forget all thoughts of death and eternity in the cares and pleasures of the world. I am apt to flatter myself that to-morrow shall always be as this day, and to float with unconcern along on the swift current of time. But, Lord, awaken my heart. Let this be the effect of these sudden dispensations of thy hand, to make me know mine end. Let me have a deep and an abiding conviction of the shortness and uncertainty of life.

My friends, will you not join with me in such a prayer as this? Do you ask, 'Why should I know my end, and the measure of my days, what it is?' Do you feel like saying: 'It is true I must die, for that is the doom of man; I may be summoned soon, and suddenly as others have been before me; but why should I keep the thought of this in my mind? Why should I embitter my life, short as it is, with the perpetual remembrance of its uncertainty and frailty? Why do you ask me to call up the image of death in every happy scene I may meet?—Why should I not strive to forget it? Why not let my days pass happily along, unclouded by any foreboding fears or gloomy thoughts, and let the last sad hour come, when come it must, unlooked for and unthought of?'

To such I reply—let it be so, if this life is all that we have to think of and to care for. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. But if there is a life to succeed this, and dependent upon this, and to answer for this, in a more strict and solemn sense than manhood answers for childhood, and old age answers for manhood, then is it the part of wisdom to know our end and the measure of our days, what it is. Why, but for the lessons it teaches us, has God made the dread insecurity of human life to overhang the whole of our existence on earth? Shall we apply our hearts to learn these lessons, or shall we turn away from them? Why, but to awaken us from our dreams, and to summon us to reflection, does the hand of God suddenly take now this, and now that fellow pilgrim from our side? Shall we listen to his words, or shall we shut our ears to his voice? And then, say not that a conviction of the shortness and uncertainty of our days will embitter every scene of enjoyment. Far otherwise. It will give sobriety and dignity to life. It will quicken us to its duties, prepare us for its trials, and enable us to approach its close with a cheerful willingness to depart. Let us reflect for a few moments, and see for ourselves if such will not be its effect.

1. And, in the first place, he who realizes the uncertainty of human life, will take serious views of the part he is to act in the world.—What is the fatal error—the grand mistake which men make? They do not reflect seriously upon their condition, their duties, their hopes, their destiny. Life is beguiled away by trifling cares; time is squandered upon vain pursuits. What is nearest to them absorbs their attention, and an object no bigger than your hand, because it is close before the eye, appears larger than the sun. But let me realize how frail is the tie that holds me to life, that I am here but for to-day, that to-morrow I am to pass away, and I shall feel that I have no time to spend in the dream and delusion, in which so much of our brief existence is lost. Life is a serious gift, its opportunities are serious trusts, its uncertain termination will introduce me to still other serious realities. What are my true interests? I would learn them. What are my highest duties? I would at once set about them. I would correct the deception of my mental eye, which accounts those things largest which are nearest to me. God has given me the consideration and forecast of a man—I would put away childish things—the toys and playthings of an hour. Here I stand, one eternity behind me, another eternity before me—I will be thoughtful—I will be wise—I know what reflections will give me support in the hour of death—I will secure them without delay.

2. There is also a feeling of detachment from the world which he will have, who cherishes a full sense of the frailty and uncertainty of life. God has surrounded us with duties and cares. We are not to shun them or slight them. It is in the midst of them that the work of life is to be done, and the education of the soul is to be carried on. But then if they are but the instruments to carry on the education of the soul, this education itself should be the first object of our thoughts. Have we looked upon the cares and concerns of this world in this subordinate light? Or have we been absorbed by them, and been tied down to them? When I reflect what it is that we are all day after day thinking of, striving for, and running after in the eager chase of the world, I am sure that we have not felt as we ought how uncertain is human life. We have been troubled about many things, while the one thing needful has been forgot. Had we realized that we are strangers and pilgrims in the earth, we should have kept ourselves more disengaged from the scenes through which we are passing, like a traveller who will not be hindered in his course. We should have had our eye on an object beyond, a better country, even a heavenly, a happier home, even a mansion in our Father's house. In a little while, we must be separated from all the earthly objects of our desire. I would hold them, then, as though I held them not. I would have every impression I obtain of the frailty of my life wean me from them, so that any moment I may resign them into His hands, who has only lent them to me to be returned again to Him.

3. Another salutary purpose to which our conviction of the frailty of human life will minister is, to inspire thoughts of our future state. How natural is it for man to think of the scenes that are before him? In the several stages of our being, through which we here pass in childhood, youth, manhood, how much do we anticipate the future? And can the question of the Patriarch of old even be without its deepest interest: 'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Upon what state does he enter? What feelings does he cherish? With what associates does he mingle? In what employments does he engage? These questions we shall ask and shall ponder just in the proportion that we realize the shortness and uncertainty of life.—And can we ask them and reflect upon them without becoming more thoughtful, more temperate, more wise; more elevated above every thing that is low, selfish and sensual; more filled with the purpose to attain to what is great and good? Take away the thought of man's immortality, and the routine and petty detail of this world belittles him, and sinks and dwarfs his soul.

'Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!'

Let me feel what a fleeting moment is human life, that it is but a vapor, that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away. I will thank God for every such impression of it I obtain, if it strengthens my conviction that all is not to end with this little span of being, and make the future life more an object of my daily thoughts, and of my dearest hopes.

4. The conviction of the shortness and uncertainty of human life will also aid us to bear with equanimity the disappointments and sorrows of this world. Why should I sink down in despair under them, if I feel that they will soon be over? Why should I refuse to bear them with submission and patience when I know that they are but for a moment? Make me assured that they are a part of my earthly discipline, sent in wisdom, and soon to issue in good, and I can even rejoice in tribulation. You fortify me against all the assaults of adversity. With a cheerful trust I can pass through the waters and they shall not drown me, the floods and they shall not overwhelm me; for the hand of One mighty to uphold shall guide me, and what He does, though I know not now, I shall soon know hereafter.

5. Again, a full sense of the great insecurity of human life will inspire us with a feeling of tenderness and compassion towards our fellow men. They too, with ourselves, are all passing on, on the swift current of time. They are here but for a little while, subject to the imperfections and prejudices, the short sight, the strong passions, and the self-will of this childhood state of our being. I will pity them as I soon hope to meet the pity of God. If they are in need, I will help them. If they wrong me, I will bear with them. Why should I think to put forth my hand to oppress one of them, when I know not, but that this very day he may confront me in that world where the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed? No, life is too short for hatred or revenge. I know not what a day may bring forth. I dare not make my bosom the abode of an unrelenting and unforgiving spirit.

6. He that feels the great uncertainty of life will, furthermore, always keep his temporal affairs well settled and square with the world.—Let not this be thought to be unimportant. I have always admired the philosophy of that man who said that he regularly made his will every year. The trouble, vexation, and disputes that might thus be saved, in the event of his death, was but a small part of the good accomplished. There was the moral influence of the act over his own mind. He often sat down to survey calmly all his obligations to his fellow men.—No debt of justice need be left unpaid, no authorized expectations need be disappointed, no act of kindness need go unrequited. Nor was this all. There was a solemn memorial, which he often set up, of the uncertainty of life. He brought the fact home to his heart, almost to his experience. He looked upon himself, and upon his ties to life, in somewhat the same light in which he would look upon them on his dying bed. He who has often done this, must be much better prepared to die, and much better prepared to live.

7. Still again, he who feels deeply the shortness of human life, will be much more likely to be inspired with the purpose to fill its brief space up with acts of usefulness and duty. He will ask himself: for what may I this very day be judged? Suddenly may I be called to a world where professions will be nothing without sincerity, where forms will be nothing without substance, where a faith that can remove mountains will be nothing without charity. It is for the deeds done in the body, then, that I shall be judged, for what I am as a man, for the life I have daily lived. Every pure and gentle affection I have manifested, every kind thought I have expressed, every principle of duty I have formed, and by which at any time I have been guided, shall not be unrecorded in that book of remembrance. Let my little span of life be filled with such testimonies of my sincerity and fidelity, of my love to God, and love to man, and I may hope for God's mercy in Jesus Christ.

8. Finally, my hearers, it will be the effect of an habitual conviction of the great uncertainty of life to make us cheerful and resigned in death. And if we have cherished the disposition and formed the habits which I have already named, if we have taken serious views of life, held ourselves detached from the world, accustomed ourselves to frequent thoughts of the future life, settled our affairs justly with our fellow-men, and filled up our little span with acts of duty and obedience, why need we fear death, coming at any age, in any place, or any how? We have plucked the sting of death out, which is sin; it is no longer the king of terrors; we will not be in bondage to its fear. We will welcome it in peace, and the day of our death, come when it may, and come how it may, shall be better than the day of our birth.

Such, my friends, are some of the salutary purposes to whic hour feelings of the shortness and uncertainty of life should minister. Do they not show that we should cherish this conviction; that it is right and wise that we should sometimes be awakened and aroused by instances of sudden mortality; that these seasons of solemn warning should be religiously improved by us—and that we should join in the prayer of my text, 'Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am!'

Of the life and character of him whose sudden death has occasioned this discourse it is not for me here to speak. He had his walk in life in the eyes of you all, and to you all was he well known. Ye are witnesses of his fidelity in numerous responsible trusts, of the freedom, urbanity, and courtesy which marked his manners, and of the honor, frankness, and integrity which guided all his dealings with man. His humanity and kindness to the unfortunate and erring, whom he alone, in many instances could help, has been often remarked. I say not these things to praise the dead, but for the remembrance and imitation of the living. The death of a good and faithful man is a loss to the community, which in this instance will be deeply felt; may it be overruled for good to all, to us of this society, and especially to the pierced and wounded hearts of his nearer kindred and friends. I would conclude this sermon by the mention of one little incident which I may be permitted to name. My acquaintance with our departed friend began about 10 years ago, I, a young man, in the study of my profession, thought I might be of some service in imparting religious instruction to the poor prisoners in a jail in the eastern part of this county. The promptitude with which he accepted the proposal from me a stranger, the readiness with which he entered into my plan, his activity in having suitable arrangements adopted, (making one or two journeys for this purpose) and his personal attendance for several Sabbaths in succession, to preserve order and to inspire respect, all evinced his desire to promote the reformation of those under his care, and made a grateful impression upon my heart. Little did I then think that I should ever sustain to him the relation of Pastor; still less that I should be called to the melancholy duty which I have now attempted to discharge. But amid all the sorrowing recollections of this occasion, I am yet happy that I have been permitted to lay this humble offering of a grateful remembrance on his grave.

For the Register and Observer.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WORDS OF THE SAVIOR.

'Take heed that you do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in Heaven,' were the words of Jesus.

How beautiful, how disinterested are all his precepts! Would mankind but understand the spirit of them and act truly upon their convictions, how soon might the Kingdom of God come upon earth, the reign of love. But, alas! although for eighteen centuries the religion of Jesus has been our beacon to moral perfection, how little has the spirit of that glorious philosophy governed the actions of mankind. How few hearts are there, in which the fear of man is not a more powerful principle of action than the fear of God. Mankind will perform great and glorious deeds for the applause of men and pass by the needy and broken-hearted in obscurity. How weak our faith is in the precepts of Jesus, our actions but too plainly show. We call ourselves the followers of the lowly Jesus, but in what do we follow him? Have we possessed ourselves in any degree of his spirit, his humility, his disinterested and universal love? Are we content to do good, hoping for no reward? can we persevere in it when misunderstood, despised and neglected by the world for that goodness? Is the love of mankind a more powerful principle of action than the aggrandizement of self? If it is, let us not call ourselves the followers of him whose life was a perfect exemplification of what he taught, and who said, 'That only they who do these sayings of mine shall be accepted.'

'And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds in great power and glory.'

In power and glory most truly shall the coming of the Son of Man be, but not in an outward visible glory to be discerned by the multitude, but inward, spiritual, and felt by every individual heart. When the teachings of Jesus are truly received and incorporated into our moral being, then has he come with great glory and power. And this was the second coming of which Christ endeavored to teach his disciples, but with their preconceived notions of the earthly kingdom upon which they were constantly dwelling, they could not perceive the spiritual meaning of his teachings, and therefore until the last they expected his power to manifest itself in the restoration of an earthly kingdom. There are many now who think that Christ will appear on earth in pomp and power to judge the world, forgetting that he said, 'the words that I speak unto you, they shall judge you at the last day.' He told them too, that there were some there who should not see death until they should see the second coming of the Son of Man. Was not the fulfilment of that prophecy at the destruction of Jerusalem and the overthrow of the Jewish nation? Then the great obstacle to Jewish pride was removed, but his coming was not even then fully consummated, the spiritual fulfilment is to be in the hearts of individuals who in single-heartedness permit the 'Comforter' to dwell with them. Even now, after the lapse of centuries, the purely spiritual nature of Christ's teachings, is but dimly discerned, he is yet to come in the fulness of his power. Not with a power and glory to be perceived by the eye, but with a brighter and more celestial glory, the glory of moral power operating upon the hearts of men.—'I will not leave you comfortless,' said Jesus to his disciples just before his death, 'but I will come to you. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him. If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.'—Can any language explain the second coming of Christ more explicitly? Those who act out the commandments of Jesus from the heart, purify their moral sense. They see the Father and the Son not personally, but in the brightness of their moral being, ever present to their hearts. Mankind do not love to study the inward, but are expecting an outward manifestation of Christ's coming, neglecting the signs in their own hearts of the coming of the kingdom of God within, for it was there alone Jesus declared his throne should be placed. He warned them against believing those who should declare it, Lo here! or Lo there! for it was within. Christ has come once to all of us, his second coming is to be the growth of grace in our hearts. We must cultivate the inner life more assiduously and strive to comprehend the spiritual nature of Christ's teachings, and look to the inward alone to bless our hopes ere the kingdom will come to us. We know who Jesus declared to be the rightful heirs of that kingdom; the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart and the doers of his words. Let us not think then, that without truly possessing these attributes we can be acknowledged. Jesus says, 'they that love me and keep my commandments, I will come and dwell with them.' We know then, that where he truly dwells in the heart, the manifestation will be in the outward life. Unless that light of God burns steadily upon the altar of our hearts and our righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, consisting in the observance of forms and ceremonies, we have in no case a place in that kingdom. Let us look for the second coming of the Son of Man, not in person, but in the penetrating power of his spirit in our hearts, let the sacred image of his excellence be set up at the very fountain head of our spiritual being. Let us study that character, which presents us all that is holy in imagination, benevolent and upright in acts, until our lives are fashioned after that unerring standard of goodness.

Christ told the Pharisees, that they made the word of God of no effect through their traditions, and will not that remark apply with equal truth now? We would do well to question, if it is not the traditions of men that render the word of God so powerless in the hearts of mankind, for powerless and feeble, at best, it is in the hearts of all. Have not the inventions of men thrown around it their traditions until they have nearly obscured its life-giving power? Examine the doctrines of Calvin that have so long mystified the mind and chilled the hearts of many, and see if you can discern any resemblance to the simplicity and power of the words of Jesus. Let us divest our minds of all that man has taught, and seek in the word of God alone for the doctrines that can make us wise unto salvation, and endeavor to infuse into our hearts the spirit of the precepts taught there. Let not tradition lead us away from the practical duties of Christianity to speculate upon doctrines, but draw from the 'wells of salvation' in the precepts of Jesus himself. Christ came to teach us duties, not doctrines, and if we would follow his example and strive first to perfect our hearts in the duties of life, instead of mystifying our minds with the doctrines that men have attempted to throw around the simplicity of truth, we should deserve the commendation given to Mary, instead of the censure applied to the self-righteous Pharisee. W.

UPON THE NECESSITY OF JOINING FREEDOM TO EXACTNESS.

It appears to me that great freedom and great exactness should be united. Exactness makes us faithful, and freedom makes us courageous. If you are very strict without being free, you will become servile and scrupulous. If you are free without being strict, you will become negligent and careless. Those who have little experience of the ways of God, think they cannot unite these two virtues. They understand, by *being exact*, living in constraint, in sorrow, in a timid and scrupulous unquietness that destroys the repose of the soul; that finds sin in every thing, and that is so narrow-minded that it questions about the merest trifles, and dares hardly to breathe. They define *being free*, having an easy conscience, not regarding small things, and to be contented with avoiding great faults, and not considering any but gross crimes as faults, and saving these, allowing whatever flatters self-love, and any license to the passions, that does not produce what they call great evil.

It was not thus that St. Paul understood things, when he said to those whom he endeavoured to make Christians, 'Be free, but with the liberty that Jesus Christ has given you. Be free, for the Savior has called you to liberty; but let not this liberty be an occasion or pretext for evil.'

It appears to me that true fidelity consists in obeying God in everything, and following the light that points out our duty, and his spirit that prompts us to do it; with the desire of pleasing him, without debating about great or little sins, about imperfections or unfaithfulness; for though there may be a difference, in fact, to the soul, that is determined to do *all* his will, there is none. It is in this sense that the Apostle says, The law is not for the upright; the law constrains, menaces, if I may so speak, tyrannizes over us, enslaves us. But there is a superior law that raises us above all this, and introduces us into the true liberty of the children of God. This ever desires to do all that it can to please its Father in Heaven, according to the excellent instructions of St. Augustine. Love God and then do all you can.

To this sincere desire to do the will of God, we must add a cheerful spirit, that is not overcome when it has failed, but begins again and again to do better; hoping always to the very end to be able to do it; bearing with its own involuntary weakness, as God bears with it; waiting with patience for the moment when it shall be delivered from it; going straight on in singleness of heart, according to the strength that it can command; losing no time by looking back, nor making useless reflections upon its falls, which can only embarrass and retard its progress.

For the Register and Observer.

'Such is the pitie woman showes,
Or pitie's name abused—
Beneath which many vain desires,
And follies are excused!'—*Old Ballad.*

Perhaps there is no attribute of humanity more largely bestowed by the Creator, or more wantonly abused by his creatures, than that susceptibility of feeling which induces us to shrink from the contemplation of another's suffering, and which was intended to prompt us to its relief. The very term humanity implies in its extended sense, the existence of that rare charity, which feels another's pang as deeply as its own and which recognizes the mission of Jesus, the mission of love, as the mission of the race. There is nothing new in the fact that this sensitiveness is sometimes aggravated by physical constitution, or nursed into a disease by the contemplation of ideal suffering and delight, but is not this fact more deserving of comment than is generally admitted. Many a female would unhesitatingly crush an offending insect beneath her foot, who would shrink from the sight of an open wound, or the bedside of a delirious friend; many would pass the dwellings of the vicious and the poor, with nothing more than a guarded dress, or an exclamation of disgust; who would weep hour after hour, over the pages of a modern novel, the wrongs of a deluded beauty. There is something mournful in the very aspect of this sickly sensibility. It grieves me to see the drooping, listless figure, bending over uncut pages by the side of a luxurious fire, knowing as I do that its energies are relaxed, its susceptibilities perverted, and that the very faculties, which braced by exercise in the open air and daily collision with realities, might tend not only to the intellectual vigor of the individual herself, but to the moral and physical well-being of hundreds beside—are serving only the purposes of a vitiated taste, ministering to the wants of a diseased imagination, and totally unfitting their possessor for the ordinary duties of the world in which she lives. For her the multiplied agonies of an Alice or a Claude, have a charm which the severest suffering of the Irish beggar cannot boast. What matter, if both are guilty of crimes, which but to name would dye her cheek with the hot flush of consciousness; both are beautiful, both are gifted, and the more inexcusable the more to be pitied. Her sympathies are wasted upon these ideal victims, her tears embalm their memory, for amid all their suffering she detects no symptom of ragged poverty or squalid filth. It is not my purpose to inquire how much he has to answer for, who thus invests with the charm of poetry and loveliness, the most unlovely thing the sun looks down upon—but to remind the young and the susceptible of my own sex, that the burden of responsibility lies not *wholly* upon his shoulders. Each unfolding spirit is accountable to its Creator for the use it makes of time, and the stronger the temptation to its abuse, the nobler the virtue that resists. But a few weeks have passed, since I entered what might have been the comfortable home of an industrious mechanic, to find the wife and mother, regardless of the claims of the infant who hung wailing to her skirts, extended in prostrate drunkenness upon the floor of her dwelling. From a scene like this, who does not shrink; but all the temperance societies in Christendom, all the preaching, all the reproof of the '*susceptible*' beings, who have sometimes stood hesitating on her threshold, can do this miserable woman no good. She needs neither the money of the rich, nor the tears of the inefficient; the strong arm of feminine kindliness and sympathy must lead her to the surer arm of God. Why is it, that the maiden, voluntarily familiar with the written story, shrinks from the reality of the sin which she deplores, as if its presence were pollution, as if the air she breathes rather than the influence which she imparts, were the source of impurity? The wife, of whom I have spoken, was but a few years ago perhaps the loved and cherished being for whom the strong man toiled, denying himself every luxury and recreation, that he might carry her a few months sooner to a dwelling of her own. She was neither beautiful nor graceful, that I know, but she was healthy, willing, and as he thought, loving and magnanimous. She had never erred in the world's use of the phrase—and he fondly trusted that with a new motive to exertion, would come new proofs of self devotion and integrity. But the girl had little religious principle; they moved into an unfortunate neighborhood; temptation came; she did not resist—and now she is a fallen thing—a thing for the finger of scorn to point at—a thing for the gentle and high born to shrink from and pass by. She had friends among such when she married, but they left her to her fate; they threatened, but they did not warn. If at the moment when she first knew the error of her way, a kind hand had clasped hers and pointed to the right, she had been saved; as it was, her first good resolution was derided, and the consequence—a broken hearted husband, a neglected child, a ruined self. How often when appealing to the heart in behalf of misery like this, is a purse opened to us, while its owner declares, that we are welcome to her money if that will do any good; but that the sight of so much misery would *unnerve her*, she should be worse than useless; that she quite envies us our fortitude, but that Heaven has blessed her with so tender a heart! Reader! the *kindest* heart sits not still to cower and weep, it throws off its own tenderness and rises to *act!* If *you* are *worse than useless*, ought you not to strive for a stronger spirit, and an abler hand? And you, bright-eyed and light-hearted girls, fear you that the flower of your existence will be crushed and trampled amid the throng? fear you that its fragrance will seem less sweet, or its rich blush fade, as its presence blesses the abode of poverty? Oh no! this collision with reality, with the world *as it is*, may divest the young spirit of its child-like joy, of its timid inefficiency, but it will give tone to the character. Humility and gratitude will take the place of proud confidence and restless dissatisfaction; and if as months or years go by, the fitful brilliancy of woman's eye grows dim, it is replaced by a more serious and tender light, that tells of the power at work within. She has learned to think. The wind that brushes the down from the fruit, is welcome to our nursery if it mature its juices and deepen its mellow flush. I would not that these remarks were applied too exclusively to the exercise of an extended charity, which it may not be in each individual power to bestow. I would insist, I own, upon the fact, that a heavy purse is not so efficient an instrument in the hand of benevolence as an open heart and able head; but it is also well to remember that in the privacy of one's family circle, it is as valuable as it ever can be to the world's philanthropist. The wife and mother, who shrinks from the duties which accident, terrific disease, or death impose, is the most miserable of human beings. It is a trial indeed to be inefficient when those we love are suffering for our aid. Feeling is intuitive. It is no merit of ours, that our tears start at the sight of unaccustomed agony—but the ability to *do* is gained by the sacrifice of this very intuition, and deserves the meed our Savior gave. 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall receive mercy.' C. W. H.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SABBATH.

A Sabbath for man—weak, tempted, toiling, burdened, troubled, sinful man! what ordinance could be so appropriate? Everything in his nature, in the constitution of his life, in his necessities, both his moral and physical necessities, requires it. Toil asks for its repose. Virtue stretches out her feeble hand for its aid. Society, order, government lean upon it. God has obtained it. In the very constitution of things, he has made labor to cease at times, and life to pause. And we cannot, with impunity, throw back the gift of leisure or turn it to a profane use.

But, a Sabbath for the spiritual man—how emphatically needful! For the being who has a soul, and yet is ever prone to live but in the senses; for the being whose welfare consists in religion, and yet who is prone to make his treasure out of wealth, or fame; for one who is immortal, but whose thoughts are fixed to this point of time; for this being so tempted, so beset with cares, so bewildered with the mingling voices of conscience, interest, and pleasure, so thoughtless, forgetful, negligent of his highest good, how needful is a Sabbath! How necessary is retirement from the throng of his pursuits, seclusion from the noise and turmoil of the world, still and solemn meditation, calm and deep devotion! How necessary that he should have times appointed to bring serious reflection to him, to break the ever gathering spells of worldly fear and hope and anxiety, and to open to him the vision of eternity! Think how vast and how unspeakably precious is the interest committed to him, that the time of all coming ages will only unfold more and more its immensity and value; and is one day in seven too much to bestow upon the particular care and consideration of it? Does it too frequently bring this infinite interest of the soul to a solemn account? Will the immortal spirit, as it is taking its departure for the eternal world, judge that the Sabbaths came too often or were made occasions of too profound a meditation, too earnest a prayer?

This is an argument of that clearness and certainty, that objection only strengthens it. For who object? that is, who from feeling object? If not the pious, if not those who are striving most to walk in the ways of religion, let it be considered whether all other objection, we speak not of any speculative question, but whether all other objection from the heart is not an argument for its expediency—whether the fallacy of the objection, in whatever mind it may exist, does not prove that mind to need a Sabbath, a season of retirement and reflection,

a season of thought and self-inspection? If the Sabbath shall be set aside for such an objection, religion itself can share no better fate. It is here, in fine, as it is in civil affairs, that hostility to the law only the more proves its necessity.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

THE EFFICACY OF THE CROSS.

The great idea of the simple unity of the Godhead, of the sole and absolute supremacy of the Father, is not the only point of agreement among Unitarians, nor the only question in relation to which, there is less difference of opinion among them, than among those who hold an opposite faith. In respect to the efficacy of the cross, the atonement made by Jesus Christ, there is a general agreement in the great idea that prevails among us; and as that idea is more simple and intelligible, so there is less individual variety and opposition of opinion, than exists among our brethren of other denominations. These unite only in the use of the word *atonement*. The moment they begin to explain what the atonement is, how and in what way, the sufferings and death of Christ are connected with our salvation, they differ, and differ widely, as widely from each other as from us. Some maintain with Calvin, that the death of Christ was to satisfy and appease the divine wrath. 'God,' says one writer who adopts this idea, 'stood upon full satisfaction and would not remit one sin without it. The design and end of this oblation was to atone, pacify, and reconcile God, by giving him a full and adequate compensation, or satisfaction for the sins of his *elect*. Others hold that Christ suffered as '*a substitute for sinners*;' they say that Christ sustained the person of a sinner, and not of one, but of all sinners, that the burden of damnation, from which we were delivered, was laid upon him. O hers again, not satisfied with the idea expressed by the words, 'substitution,' 'satisfaction,' express their idea by the word 'exhibition.' They seem to regard the death of Christ as a 'public exhibition,' to impress all the creatures of God with a deep and awful sense of the majesty and sanctity of his law, of the criminality of disobedience to it, and of the holy and unbending rectitude of God as a moral Governor. They maintain that this exhibition was necessary in order to enable God to exercise mercy. Again, some reasoning thus,—that sin is an infinite evil, and requires an infinite atonement—seem to suppose that the 'divine nature' suffered in Christ—one writer, indeed, using the expression, 'the blood which issues from his opening wounds is the blood of God.' While others insist that nothing but the human nature of the Son suffered. Now here is considerable disagreement of opinion; here are explanations of the atonement, of the manner and purpose for which Christ suffered, widely differing from each other. Yet the persons holding these opinions and offering these explanations, all agree in using the word *atonement*, and all unite in zealous efforts to support and extend a belief in the doctrine as thus held and explained. And they can perhaps with propriety do so, because all their different opinions and explanations are pervaded by the same great idea, viz. *that Christ died to reconcile God to man*, that in some way or another, either by 'satisfaction' or 'substitution' or 'exhibition,' the death of Christ had some effect upon the mind of God, and disposed or enabled him to exercise a mercy, which otherwise he could not or would not have exercised. The difference in the views and explanations, which are given, arises, we suppose, from the difficulty of making an idea so monstrous, as that the death of Jesus Christ was necessary either to dispose or enable the Divine Being to exercise mercy, in any way clear, satisfactory and intelligible to the mind. Now in the writings of Unitarians, in the explanations which they give of the death of Christ, in the views which they present of its efficacy and influence, difference of opinion and expression may undoubtedly be found. But these differences are not so great, we contend, as those which are presented in the writings of Trinitarian divines; and for this reason, we suppose, viz. that the Unitarian idea of the atonement is more simple, intelligible, satisfactory in itself, than that which is maintained by others. This idea is that Christ died to *reconcile man to God*, not God to man. Unitarians regard the death of Christ as an exhibition of mercy, not of wrath. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.' They think that he died, not to satisfy divine justice, and dispose God to exercise mercy, but to 'turn us from our iniquities,' to induce us to repentance and holiness, and thus make us fit subjects for the divine mercy. They adopt the language and sentiment of Peter. 'For Christ also hath once suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.'—The just *for* the unjust, not in the place, instead of, the unjust, not as our 'substitute,' but in our behalf, not to 'satisfy' God, but to 'bring *us* to God.' The cause of Christ's death, was our sin. He 'hath once suffered for our sins.' The object of that death was our sin, to remove it, to make us repent and become holy. Christ died, not to save us *in* our sins, but *from* our sins.

This is the general idea of the atonement, of the influence and efficacy of Christ's death, which, with comparatively slight differences of opinion or expression in explaining it, prevails among Unitarians. In this general idea, whether believers in the pre-existence of the Savior or not, and however differing in the rank, offices, and powers they ascribe to him, in this general idea they all agree. In this they can all unite, and without any infringement of individual liberty, combine their strength, their efforts and their zeal to maintain and advance it, to gather to it adherents and disciples. Ought they not to do this?

LITURGIES.

We cheerfully insert the following reply to our notice of a new edition of King's Chapel Liturgy, and only regret that it was not received in season for insertion in our paper immediately succeeding that in which our notice appeared. It requires no comment perhaps from us. We cannot forbear to remark, however, that we perceive no conflict between the objection to Liturgies, which we hinted at, (but did not dogmatically assert or press), and that to which Dr. Greenwood alludes. The objections are the same in substance, only presented in a little different form. A Liturgy is 'unyielding in its character,' it does not meet times and seasons and occasions, and therefore, where there is liberty to do it, as at King's Chapel, there is a disposition to make improvements and additions. Dr Greenwood says the only additions that have been made are in the Family Prayers and services, 'which have nothing to do with the Liturgy.' Strictly speaking, they have not; yet the service for the Burial of Children was inserted, we suppose, to be used, and if inserted for this purpose, it is an admission, that the general service for the Burial of the Dead is often inadequate and inappropriate. It is for this reason and on this account also, we presume, that Dr Greenwood occasionally makes an additional extempore prayer at funerals, suited to the circumstances of the case; and we must say, that when we have been present on such occasions, it is this additional and extempore prayer, that seemed to us to most deeply touch the heart and lift up the fainting spirit to God.

'The conservative tendencies' of a Liturgy will be admitted by all. How far the fact, that it serves to check the progress of thought and inquiry, and compels a man 'to pray' in a different spirit, with different ideas and conceptions of religious truth from those which he 'preaches,' how far this commends it, is a question we leave to individual taste to decide.

We must still object to the claim of antiquity. We do not see that Dr Greenwood has successfully defended that claim in the broad and unqualified manner in which he has made it. That the Israelites wrote songs and prayers for particular occasions, such as the passage of the Red Sea, and the Dedication of the Temple, &c., that these were taught to the people, and at times repeated, we have no doubt. They may have had also forms of prayer or books of devotion among them as is common now among congregationalists; but that the service of the synagogue in the time of the Savior was as clearly or as much a Liturgy as it is now, we are not prepared unhesitatingly to admit.

The time when synagogues came into use among the Jews, and the precise forms of worship observed in them, are matters involved in some obscurity. We think, however, that it may be pretty conclusively gathered from the New Testament, that in the time of our Savior, there was more individual liberty allowed to those who took part in conducting the service, than is consistent with the idea of a prescribed or established Liturgy. For instance, the readers and expounders of the Scriptures, were not, as subsequently, Rabbis, or teachers expressly authorized and appointed, but any individual was at liberty to offer himself as a reader, and any person of respectable appearance and character, so offering himself, was allowed to read. And although it may be doubtful whether the 'ruler of the synagogue' did not determine out of what book the lesson should be read, i. e., whether from the Law, the Psalms or the Prophets; yet it is clear that the individual had liberty to *select such portions of the book* as he preferred. He was not required to read an appointed passage, however, discordant with his feelings and the exhortations or instructions he wished to offer. But he was left to select a passage that suited his purpose. Luke, iv. 16.

Again, a prayer was offered in the synagogue worship, before and after the reading of the Scriptures. We have not looked into this matter much, neither do we profess to be very learned upon a point of so little moment; yet we believe there is no perfectly conclusive evidence that in the time of our Savior and previously, this prayer was a form, the same prayer always used and repeated; while on the other hand, the whole of our Savior's remarks and instructions, upon the subject of prayer in the New Testament, seem to us inconsistent with the supposition, that the Jews were confined to prescribed forms of prayer. They seem rather to imply that among the Jews then, both in public and private devotion, the individuals officiating were accustomed to make prayers of their own, which were condemned for their repetitions and ostentation.

With these views of the synagogue worship and the state of things in the time of the Savior, we cannot concur in the conclusion that the worship of the primitive Christian churches was liturgical. We believe that the whole spirit of the instructions and history of the New Testament makes against such an idea; and so far as we have any authority from subsequent writers, the weight of that authority is in favor of this position. We might quote from Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and from all writers of Ecclesiastical History, in support of the opinion, that early Christian worship was not liturgical, and that the persons officiating in it, prayed not with a form, but each 'according to his ability.'

The fact, therefore, if it be a fact, that the use of Liturgies sprung up in the Christian Church, without a word of controversy or opposition, cannot overthrow the other fact, that there was a time when, to say the least, they were probably not used.

But we have no desire or purpose of entering into a controversy upon this subject with Dr Greenwood. It is not in our judgment a matter of sufficient importance. We are willing to admit the antiquity of liturgies, though not that they are clearly and decidedly the most ancient form of Public Christian Worship. We are willing to admit that they have their advantages—and their evils. We are glad that our excellent Brother of King's Chapel has a Liturgy, and that he likes it. We hope he may long live to use it. We rejoice that in this country, all are at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, and to use those forms which they think to be best. But for ourselves, believing as we do, that the true idea of Christian worship, that spiritual worship which the Savior commended, is the joint exercise of thought, feeling, and faith in the expression of what the soul thinks, feels and believes at the moment, we prefer, and shall ever closely cling to that mode of worship which is the most free and simple, the least trammeled by traditionary forms and observances, and which, though it add greatly to his duty and anxiety, leaves the minister most at liberty to utter himself, on all occasions, as his heart prompts at the time.

Messrs. Editors,—In your last paper I observed a notice of the fifth edition of the Liturgy of King's Chapel, lately published by me. The notice was written in a kind and candid spirit, and I sincerely thank you for it. I thank you for your approbation of the volume, which was even more than I had reason to expect from those who in their own congregations do not use a form of prayer. You say well, also, that the publication of this book 'is a matter of immediate interest to only a small portion of the community.' It was published, as the preceding editions have been, for the members of my own church, and for such others as wish to have it in their families. My views extended no further. It would gratify me, I acknowledge, were some other church or churches of our faith to adopt a Liturgy, and thus stand in closer sympathy with my own; but as I grow more attached to the Liturgy I use, the more I use and the more I study it, I am more than content to go on in my way alone.

And now, gentlemen, will you allow me space for a few remarks on some things you have said in your notice, to which I cannot agree. You have observed that the inadequacy of forms of prayer seems to be proved by the frequent alterations, improvements and additions which it is found necessary to make in them. I had thought before, that a main objection to them was their too permanent and unyielding character. The Liturgy of the English Church has received but little alteration since the days of Elizabeth, and no alteration whatever since the last review in the reign of Charles II. The Liturgy of the American Episcopal Church has undergone no change, certainly no material change, since it was first published, which was, I believe, in the year 1790—half a century ago. The Liturgy of King's Chapel was at first that of the English Church, and, as such, remained unaltered in a single word, from 1686 to the date of our revolution. The only alterations which were made in this Liturgy by Dr Freeman, in the edition of 1785, were such as were required by the change of doctrine alone, and did not at all affect the devotional portions. The changes which have since been made, have been in the way of abbreviation and not addition, and have hardly touched the prayers. Instead of there not being enough for the wants of a worshipping congregation, there was found to be more than sufficient, and certain omissions were made, principally in the Psalms, to shorten the service. But the prayers are the same as ever. The only change of any importance in this last edition is that restoration of the original form of the Te Deum, which you notice with approbation. The 'additions' which are mentioned in the title-page refer solely to the Family Prayers and Services, which have nothing to do with the Liturgy. The two last editions were published, because books were wanted, not changes. In short, the conservative tendencies of a Liturgy are well known, and in those speculative times are among the reasons why I value mine. If any gentleman, coming into my pulpit, should see fit to *preach* some new philosophy, he at any rate cannot *pray* it. I am saved from that trial.

You agree that it is natural and proper that I should think a Liturgy the *best* form of public devotion; and you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have not dogmatically asserted it to be so, but only expressed my conviction to that effect. But you say you do not understand me, when I claim for a Liturgy 'the honor of being not only the best, but the *most ancient* form of public devotion.' Permit me to explain and defend that claim. 'That the form is older than the spirit of prayer,' is a position which I certainly should never attempt to maintain, in my senses. That a prayer must be conceived, before it is written, or impressed on the memory for utterance, or in any way taught, is too evident to be questioned. What I intended to say is plainly this, that prayers precomposed, and known beforehand, and audibly repeated, or assented to, or in some degree participated in, by the people, are the most ancient mode of conducting *public* worship. The song of the Israelites after the passage of the Red Sea; the form of blessing the people which was divinely taught to Aaron and his sons; the song of Moses which he *wrote* and *taught* to the children of Israel; are all of this character, and may be considered as the beginning of the Jewish Liturgy. They are sufficiently ancient. That the service of the Synagogue in the time of our Savior was a Liturgy, is as well known as that it is so now, or that the service of the English Church is a Liturgy. He and his disciples, in common with their countrymen, were most probably familiar with this service from childhood; and a portion of his own prayer is borrowed from it, and no doubt intentionally. When they prayed together, I can easily suppose that at times they united in this service, in which they had been educated, just as they united in singing a hymn, probably a psalm, at the Last Supper. Why should they not? I can therefore by no means grant, what seems to you so clear, that 'Jesus Christ used no Liturgy when he prayed with his disciples.' I believe that he did; not always, but at times. But if he never did, my position would not be shaken; for such social and almost private devotion, could not be brought under any proper definition of stated public worship.

You say again, 'The Apostles, as they went forth on their work, carried no Book of Common Prayer.' That is not so certain. At least one of them, St. Paul, carried books and parchments with him, as may be seen in his own second epistle to Timothy; and they were probably religious books, and why may not one of them have been a book of devotion? But, gentlemen, are you not in some degree misled by the common modern notions attached to books, and the use of them? You very well know, that in those times there were no printed books of any kind. Men's books were their memories, then, much more than now. Many an assembly of early Christians has met together, I doubt not, and worshipped strictly after a form, without a single book among them, because each man's book was his memory. We ought not to dress up the ancients in modern garments, and thus excite a ludicrous association. Draw them in their own costume, and then they will appear properly and gravely. The worship of the whole Christian Church was unquestionably conducted by Liturgies from the fourth or fifth century, to the fifteenth, when printing was invented; and in this space of a thousand years, the great body of worshippers must have been without printed books, for there were none, and without manuscripts also, for they were too rare and expensive; and yet they worshipped after a Liturgy. And before the fourth or fifth century, what was the public worship of regularly established churches? There is no evidence, or but the slightest possible, that it was not liturgical. As soon as we know anything positively and circumstantially concerning the worship of Christian Churches, we find that it was by liturgies, though different churches had different liturgies. Now is it not very singular, that, if, previously to the fourth century the worship was extemporaneous, we should have no notice in history of so remarkable a change; not a word of controversy on the subject; while all the churches, east, west, north, and south, were settled down with their liturgies? This consideration strikes me as well nigh conclusive. I firmly believe that public worship, properly so called, was never conducted in any other way but by liturgy, till some time after the commencement of the reformation. The earliest reformed churches all had liturgies—the Church of Luther, the Church of Calvin, the church of England—and have them still. But you will credit me when I say, that strong as my conviction is of the superior antiquity of this form of public worship, if I did not also esteem it to be at least as good as the other form, I would disregard antiquity, and give all the liturgies to the winds.

I fear that I have trespassed too long. If I said anything, I could not say less, and might have easily said more. I conclude by subscribing myself, respectfully, your friend and brother,

F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

We insert the following communication of 'Layman,' because it can never do us any hurt to have our zeal quickened by a timely rebuke or admonition. But a few words of explanation are necessary, to prevent its conveying a false and unjust impression, particularly to readers at a distance. The Book and Pamphlet Society has never been, nor has it hitherto aimed to be, one of our most prominent and extensive Associations. Its members have been confined, and its funds drawn, with a very few, if any, exceptions, exclusively from the city. And even in the city, little concerted effort has been made to gather to it, the aid and sympathy of our Unitarian Societies. This effort is now making, and the success, which attends it, is an evidence that our faith is not dead, nor our zeal extinct. Were other evidence wanted, it might be found in the following facts. The American Unitarian Association, publishes monthly 6000 tracts, which are distributed in every state of the Union, and is every year increasing its missionary operations, sending more preachers to the West and helping to erect Churches and aid new Societies in that section of the country. In addition also to what the Association is doing in this way, within the last twelve or fifteen months, some thousands of dollars have been raised by subscription or contribution in our Churches, for this purpose, to build houses for Public Worship in the West. Within the past year also, ten thousand dollars have been raised among us in behalf of the Theological School at Cambridge, and three thousand in the annual support of the Domestic Mission, the Ministry at Large in this city, in addition to the large sums, which within three or four years, have been expended in the erection of two large and permanent free Chapels. We hope these are only the harbingers of better things, the evidences of a growing spirit of fidelity and zeal among Unitarians. But with these facts before us, distinct in our knowledge, we cannot concur in a sweeping charge of a lamentable want of zeal. It is not in our judgment just. One word in behalf of the 'ministers.' We believe that in general they are pretty faithful in urging upon their people the duty of exerting a religious influence and of aiding in the diffusion of truth. But our correspondent probably is not aware, that our Unitarian clergy, certainly in this neighborhood, do not assume the responsibility of appointing on their own authority, and whenever they choose, and for whatever object they choose, a contribution or collection in their Societies. These matters among us are determined by the vote of the Standing Committee of each parish.

For the Register and Observer.

WESTERN LIBERALITY.

After a Sermon preached on Christmas Eve by the Rev. Dr Whitehouse, in St. Luther's Church Rochester, N. Y., over Four Hundred Dollars was collected for the 'Domestic Missions.'

Seeing a notice of this liberality in one of the New York papers, I thought whether it would not be profitable, Mr Editor, to transfer the same to the columns of the Register, that your readers may be made known of the activity and zeal manifested by our Brethren of the opposite faith, and more so, to show as I think, the lamentable want of zeal in our ministers, in neglecting to lay before their congregations the importance of more vigorous exertions in the cause of sustaining the Domestic Missions, connected with our denomination. I have been painfully impressed with this want, by reading the Circular of the Book and Pamphlet Society, published in the Register of 9th inst. It to me is really mortifying that the collections of this Society in its most prosperous career, has not been able to collect in one whole year, more than was collected after *only one Sermon* to the Society in Rochester. Mr Editor, where is the fault? It lies somewhere, and permit me to remark I think it is in a very great measure with our ministers; it is scarcely once in an age in comparison to other denominations that any claims for Missions are laid before the people from the pulpits of our faith. We must be up and stirring, for what is our faith good for if it does not excite in us zeal. Let us then arise at once and proclaim to the world the full meaning, by acting it out in our lives, of the passage in the fourth chapter of Genesis· 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

One more remark and I have done. Let there be annual or quarterly appeals and collections made by the ministers to their respective congregations and I think we shall no longer have to acknowledge the paltry sum of Four Hundred Dollars for a cause so worthy as that to which the Circular relates.

I am not accustomed to write for the public eye, but I felt as if I could not resist these few but I fear poorly expressed remarks, but hope nevertheless they may prove acceptable as the feelings of a

LAYMAN.

New York, 14th January, 1841.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following communication is the first of a series of letters which two or three intelligent young gentlemen of New Orleans have been so kind as to promise for the columns of the Register.]

New Orleans, January 12, 1841.

Messrs Editors,—We have thought that it would be pleasant to your readers to hear occasionally from the Crescent City. An interest in the success of our principles appears to be fast gaining in our denomination. The prevailing spirit is the missionary spirit. Accordingly the Register has of late abounded in interesting information from various sections of our country, relative to the progress of liberal, or rather—for the word liberal has been grossly perverted from its true meaning—of *enlightened* views of religion. Little however is written of New Orleans. It is probably considered a '*hopeless case*.' The ideas entertained of this great City at the North are crude and exceedingly erroneous. It is looked upon as the Sodom of America. It is thought that a moral plague rages here compared to which the *fever* is 'health to the bones and a delight to the soul.' For a young man to leave New England and come here, voluntarily, is looked upon as equivalent to '*selling his birthright for a mess of pottage*.' One would think that not a Church reared its lofty spire to heaven from the midst of this '*deserted city*.' To correct such opinions is the object of this correspondence. But before we proceed further, it may be well to state that we are New England men and proud of the place of our birth. We look with reverence on her institutions of religion, charity and learning; for we have lived within their influence, and there felt that 'our lines were indeed cast in pleasant places.' We left her Granite Hills with reluctance, and 'armed to the teeth' with her feelings and prejudices; thinking all the while that we were about to launch our little barques on a 'Dead Sea.' That New Orleans was a great mercantile mart; that her genial climate would invigorate the enfeebled constitution; that she was characterized by a generous hospitality; that a certain kind of honor and a more equivocal honesty obtained among her merchants;—these things were conceded to us. But here ended the catalogue of her attractions—here was the bright side of the picture and the whole of it. And now for her deformities. Her deserted temples; her 'peculiar institutions;' her 'whited sepulchres;' her gambling palaces; her brilliant ball rooms; her thousand lottery offices; her bars; her theatres; her 'HALLS'—how did they crowd into our mind and cast the few bright spots into the shade. Such to our minds was New Orleans. Yet go we would, nay must—and go we did 'even as the ox goeth to the slaughter or a fool to the correction of the stocks.' Were our anticipations confirmed?—To answer this question is our object. In doing this we shall attempt to give your readers a correct idea of New Orleans, in a moral, religious and social point of view. Desultory our letters will necessarily be, *but you may rely upon the literal correctness of every fact stated*. Our inferences and reflections may or may not be correct. Of this you can judge;—our only aim is to furnish you with the materials for forming a correct view of the place. Our next will contain a brief Historical sketch of the City.

C. J. P.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life for the Hour of Death. From the German of Jean Paul Richter. Boston: Joseph Dowe, 22 Court Street. 1841.

This little book cannot be read without benefit. It will help to soothe, strengthen and prepare the mind for death, to rob the last hour of life of its terror and its gloom. Most of us need help of this sort; we have not yet come to regard death in the light in which the Gospel presents it, as 'an event in life.' The justness of the remarks in the following passage will be admitted by all, who have been much conversant with the scene to which it refers.

'It marks a strange perversity in human nature, that we are wont to offer nothing but images of terror, no stars of cheering light, to those who lie imprisoned in the darkness of a sick bed, when the glitter of the dew of life is waxing gray and dim before them. It is indeed hard that lamentations and emotions are frequently vented upon the dying, which would be withheld from the living in all their vigor; as if the sick patient was to console those in health. There stands no spirit in the closeness of a sick chamber to awaken a cheering smile on the nerveless, colorless countenance; but only confessors, lawyers, and doctors, who order every thing, and relatives who lament at every thing. There stands no lofty spirit elevated above the circumstance of sorrow, to conduct the prostrate soul of the sufferer, thirsty for the refreshment of joy, back to the old spring-tide waters of pious recollection, and so to mingle these with the last ecstacies of life, as to give the dying man a foreboding of his transition to another state. On the contrary, the deathbed is narrowed into a coffin without a lid. 'The value of life is enhanced to the departing one, by lies which promise cure, or words which proffer consolation; the bier is represented as a scaffold, the harsh discord of life is trumpeted into the ears, which survive long after the eyes are dead, instead of letting life ebb away like an echo, in sounds ever deeper though fainter.'

The story of Richter, here translated is short and simple. A youth, the son of a village clergyman, after having been sent forth to be educated, returns 'with the faith of his ancestors and of his father,' unperverted, and is finally associated with that father in the clerical office, and engaged also to be married to one 'whose heart was filled with the love of virtue.' 'In these sweetest may-hours of youth, when heaven and earth and his own heart were beating together in triune harmony, he gave ardent words to his ardent thoughts, and kept them written down under the title of *Reminiscences of the best hours of Life for the hour of death*. He meant to cheer himself at his last hour with these views of his happy life, and to look back from the glow of the evening to the brightness of the morning of his youth.' Having been absent from home for a year, in the Campaign of 1813–14 he returns only in time to be present at his father's death, who says to him, 'My son, strengthen now at the last my weary soul with something holy—say something rich in love to me of God and his works.' Then the son reads 'the Reminiscences which he had prepared for his own death-bed, at the death-bed of his father.' From these we extract the following passages.

Remember, in the darkening hour, that the glow of the universe once filled thy breast, and that thou hast acknowledged the magnitude of existence.'

Remember, in thy dark hour, those times when thou hast prayed to God in ecstacy, and when thou hast thought on Him—the greatest thought of finite man—the Infinite One.

Here the old man clasped his hands and prayed low.

Hast thou not known and felt the existence of that Being whose infinity consists not only in his strength, his wisdom, and his eternity, but also in his love and in his justice? Canst thou forget the time when the blue sky by day, and the blue sky by night, opened on thee, as if the mildness of God was looking down on thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite, when it veiled itself in its image, in loving hearts of men; as the sun, which casts its light not on the moon alone, for our nights, but on the morning and evening star also, and on every little twinkler, even to the farthest from the earth?

Remember, in the dark hour, how in the spring of thy life the mounds of earth which are graves, appeared to thee only as the mountain tops of another far and new world; and how, in the midst of the fulness of life, thou didst acknowledge the value of death. The snow of the grave shall warm the frost-bitten limbs of age to life again. As a navigator, who suddenly disembarks from the cold, wintry, and lonely sea, upon a coast which is laden with the warm rich blossoms of spring, so with one leap from our little bark we pass at once from winter to an eternal spring-time.

Rejoice in this dark hour that thy life dwells in the midst of a wider and larger life.

Never forget the thought, which is now so clear to thee, that the individuality of man lasts out the greatest suffering and the most entrancing joy alike unscathed, while the body crumbles away in the pains and pleasures of the flesh.

Remember Jesus Christ, in the dark hour; remember him who also passed through life; remember that soft moon of the infinite sun, given to enlighten the night of the world. Let life be hallowed to thee, and death also, for he shared both of them with thee. May his calm and lofty form look down on thee in the last darkness, and show thee his Father.

A Sermon delivered before His Excellency Marcus Morton, Governor, His Honor George Hull, Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, January 6, 1841. By David Damon, Pastor of the Congregational Church in West Cambridge. Boston: Dutton and Wentworth.

This is a good Sermon, appropriate to the occasion on which it was delivered, and abounding in wholesome suggestions suited to the times. One of the three heads under which the preacher arranges his remarks is denominated *conservatism;* from which part of the discourse we take the following paragraphs;

By conservatism, I understand protection from corruption, diminution, injury, and needless exposure to danger; the system, whether in morals or politics, or any thing else, which will not hazard present certain and great good for future and very uncertain good, which may, by possibility, be greater; in a word, a universal holding fast of the good that is. If this is the correct use of the term, it is not necessarily nor naturally opposed to reform and progress, but to radicalism, ultraism, ill-advised experiment, and needless revolution—not to strait forward, but to retrograde, circular and transverse movements. I protest against that application of the term, in this free country, which holds up conservatives in the light of a stationary or retrograde party, and fixed withal against all attempts at improvement. There is no stationary party in this country. There may possibly be individual men who hate improvement, merely because they cannot tolerate change, even when necessary. But these are not true conservatives. Let some other name be found or invented to designate them. The terms conservative and conservatism, honorably derived, claim a more honorable application. Real reformers are also faithful and uncompromising conservatives. Innovators, who attempt, but never accomplish any thing lastingly beneficial to mankind, belong to a different category. They are neither conservatives nor reformers, in the true signification of the terms. * * *

It is not my duty, nor any one's duty, to join in the ranks and cry Hosannah, with every company who are professedly marching onwards to victory in a cause which I acknowledge to be good and holy. Before I unhesitatingly give them my aid and influence, I ought to have reasonable evidence that the weapons of warfare which they intend to use are not carnal, that their *own* spirit, and especially that of their acknowledged leaders, as well as their professed aim, is good, and that there is some wisdom in their heads as well as good intentions in their hearts. Hence at least some of the reluctance which exists on the part of men good and true, as ever good and holy cause numbered among its advocates, to be drilled in the ranks and obey orders in some of our organized bodies of reformers. But in the time of real need, when something which is valuable is in imminent danger of being lost, or when some certain good may be attained by immediate action, then it is that the unorganized body of conservatives will come forward and act with decided and happy efficiency. It is to these men that the State must always look in times of great need and peril, and most commonly when any great and certain good is to be achieved also; and these are the men likewise, who save what can be saved, from the wrecks which rash and ill-advised experimenters make. * * *

It is implied that it always requires less activity and courage to keep and defend, than to gain. But it is notorious that to keep and defend, sometimes requires equal courage and activity, and frequently the more wisdom. Besides, it is with the spirit of professed reform and reckless innovation, just as it is with political party spirit. It is wont to rage most where it is least needed, least useful and most pernicious, that is, in free countries during or after the continuance of prosperous times.

It is when men wax fat, and have abundant means and abundant leisure, that they begin to rise up against the ordinances of Heaven and the peace and quietness of earth. They cannot then rest satisfied with feasible measures of good. They must have something better, else all the good they have or might have, availeth them nothing. The righteous discontents of the old world are bruited across the waters of the Atlantic; and nothing will do but echo must answer from this side—'Our condition is as bad as yours, and in some respects worse.' It is not considered that the mass of the people, in many parts of the old world, have little to lose and much to gain by revolution and change, while the mass of the people here have almost every thing to lose, and scarcely any thing which they can reasonably hope to gain, except by those gradual and quiet, but unceasing processes, which comport with our liberty, our laws, the growth of our country, and our

general progress in knowledge and virtue. If this difference between the condition of the inhabitants of this country and those of the old world, and between their governments and ours, were understood and duly weighed, there might be little occasion to dwell upon the present topic of discourse.

* * * * *

The sentiments of the great mass of the people of this union, of both the great political parties into which we are divided, are undoubtedly conservative. There is an approach at least to a just estimate of the value of our independence and liberty, our national and state constitutions and laws, and the perpetuity of our national confederation and union. This may be inferred from our whole history during and since the war of independence; and, in particular, from the discrimination and caution with which the attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to amend our constitutions, have been met and handled. May we not venture to put down, as another evidence in the case, the general reprehension of the mobs and riots, which threatened and disgraced us so much, some few years ago, and their manifest diminution, within the last two years or more? Certainly we may the harmlessness with which the last prodigiously contested election passed off; and the peaceableness and kindly humor which have since prevailed all over the country. In what other country, could such gatherings and processions and such political party enthusiasm prevail so universally and so long, and yet all end peaceably and without bloodshed at the ballot-box? All this is encouraging to the patriot and philanthropist, and to all who are determined never to give up faith, hope and trust in man and in man's destiny.

Nor have we the least reason to fear that the dreams of our radical innovators can be permanently realized. Yet when we perceive so many contrary breezes every where rulling the surface of society, and sometimes feel the upheaving of a ground swell, whose possible force we cannot calculate—when we see how many individuals are deluded and agitated, their peace and usefulness utterly destroyed, and how from being agitated themselves they have become agitators—when we consider the tendency of these things to that temporary anarchy, in which our liberty may find its termination, and an iron despotism its time of commencement—when we see so many organizations here and there, under various names and pretences, imbodying so much individual determination not to be easy while law and order, religion and morality, have their course, while each man is protected in his own possessions and his own home, or while any thing which savors of antiquity or settled and known rule, has being or remembrance left on earth—when we perceive all this, I would very seriously ask if it be not time to rouse up the conservative spirit so extensively lodged in the breasts of our citizens, that they may hold fast, and teach and warn their children to hold fast, that which is good—the good which cost our fathers so much time and treasure, thought and effort, self sacrifice and blood; and which, in the aggregate, has proved the source of so much safety and felicity to us, their posterity.

—

A Year's Life. By James Russell Lowell. Boston, C. C. Little and J. Brown; 1841.

'A year's life'—and a year not ill spent, if it has produced all these beautiful poems. This is not a volume of mere rhymes, but of much fresh and living poetry. We know not when we have been more delighted than in looking through this volume. Nothing is far-fetched or overstrained. The great object of most of the poetry of the present day seems to be to utter some thoughts that nobody else has ever had, or ever can have in real life. We consider it a conclusive mark of genius, and a high merit in these poems of Mr Lowell, that they are simple, natural, true. They who read them will find in them the transcript of many thoughts and feelings which they have often had themselves, but never expressed, but which are here expressed with such naturalness, simplicity and apparent ease, that one almost feels he might have written them himself. When every page is marked by pure, beautiful, and true thought, selection is difficult. We take the following.

A BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I;
From place to place I wander by;—
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old Oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance—
Give me, old Granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine;—
That grief may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright—
Oh sweetly-mournful Pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling light content,
Give me, my cheerful Brook—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I 've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good bye, kind friends, every one,
I 've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey 's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear Violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou 'dst been;
Oh give to strengthen me.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The circular of this society has been distributed in our churches and has been successful in awakening attention to the great good which may be done by a distribution of books and tracts to the poor by the ministers at large, to seamen, to neighborhoods and individuals in the parts of the country where there are no churches, and elsewhere also under certain circumstances. It has met with a cordial reception everywhere, and the wants described in it are now made plain and deeply felt by many. Some of the clergy have addressed their societies on this subject and others no doubt will do the same.

Committees have been appointed in each society to obtain subscriptions and donations, and so much feeling has been awakened that the society may safely anticipate such efficient and liberal aid as will enable them to meet the great wants of the community.—*Communicated.*

THE BETTER WAY FOR THE PREACHER.

There are two ways of treating children at school; the one, to be always telling them that they are dunces and cannot learn; the other, to impress it on their minds, at suitable seasons, that they have capacities and powers for all needful acquisitions. The latter method seems to most sensible persons, no doubt, the better one. There are also two ways of addressing grown up people at Church, on moral and religious subjects. The preacher may be always speaking of human nature as totally depraved and utterly impotent for good; and so depress and discourage as many of his hearers as he can make believe his doctrines; or he may remind them often of the high capacities and powers God has given them for piety and virtue. When will theologians have the wisdom to prefer the latter method?

For the Register and Observer.

'COME, FOLLOW ME.'

Though the way be dark and dreary,
Savior! I will follow thee.
When my bosom, faint and weary,
Sighs for home and liberty,
Then thy spirit be with mine,
Bringing joy and peace divine.

When the cares of earth are strowing
Troubles o'er my path of life,
May the hope within me glowing,
Cheer my spirit in the strife.
'Heavy laden,' sad, opprest,
Let me seek thy promised rest.

Perfect being! friend in sadness!
Thou, by God the Father sealed;
Teach my soul more faith and gladness,
Till in earthly fire annealed,
Freed from sin and filled with love,
Take me to thine arms above. S.

[From the Monthly Miscellany.]

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The amount required to relieve the immediate wants of the Theological School having been raised, as we stated in our last number, and having been since paid over to the Treasurer of the College, the Committee of the Berry Street Conference wish to acknowledge, for the satisfaction of those who have contributed to this fund, the sources whence it has been received. It is proper to remark, that previously to the action of the Conference a Circular had been addressed by the Society for the Promotion of Theological Education to a few individuals, in consequence of which some donations were obtained. The Committee of the Conference passed over to this Society the amount received in reply to their Circular, under certain conditions, which were incorporated into the terms of the transfer of the whole sum from that Society to the Treasurer of Harvard College. The vote of the Society which follows, passed at a special meeting held December 17, 1840, will show the nature of these terms and conditions.

Whereas, by the exertions of this Society, and of a Committee of the Berry Street Conference, the sum of ten thousand dollars or more has been obtained, to ensure the appointment forever of an incumbent of the Dexter Professorship, or Lectureship, of Biblical Literature in Harvard College;

Voted, that the Treasurer of this Society pay over all the funds in his hands to the Treasurer of Harvard College, if the Corporation will receive the same, in trust, to be used by said Corporation solely in conjunction with other funds of the College appropriated to said Dexter Professorship, or Lectureship, of Biblical Literature: Provided, however, that the said Dexter Professorship, or Lectureship, shall never be left vacant for an unreasonable time; and provided, also, that in case the funds transferred by this Society, by an instrument dated December 13, 1830, should ever be appropriated for the support of a Theological School separate from the College, the money now contributed shall go with said funds: it being also the hope and expectation of this Society, that the transfer of the above mentioned funds from this Society to the Treasurer of Harvard College will not produce any diminution of the amount of the appropriations at present made by the Corporation for the instruction of Theological students; but rather, if the addition of this sum to the Theological funds should leave any portion of the income now appropriated in this way at the disposal of the Corporation, they will devote said portion to procuring for the Theological students instruction in some branch of study which is not at present adequately provided for.

The Committee doubt the propriety of publishing, without permission, the names of private contributors. They have therefore authorized the publication only of the names of the religious Societies in which collections or subscriptions have been made for this object. They are placed according to the date of payment.

Cambridgeport (Rev Mr Muzzey)	$ 57 00
Leominster (Rev Mr Stebbins)	80 00
Charlestown (Rev Mr Ellis)	220 50
Salem (Rev Mr Thompson)	118 00
Grafton (Rev Mr Palfrey)	20 00
Watertown (Rev Dr Francis)	40 00
Washington (Rev Mr Bulfinch)	71 00
Lexington (First Parish)	16 56
Bedford (First Parish)	8 00
Heath and Charlemont	10 00
Cohasset (Rev Mr Phipps)	15 00
Northfield (Rev Mr Everett)	30 00
Dorchester (Rev Mr Hall)	100 00
Brattleboro' Vt. (Rev Mr Brown)	10 00
Dedham (Rev Mr White)	24 00
Worcester (Rev. Mr Hill)	309 00
Roxbury (Rev Dr Gray and Mr Whitney)	150 00
Providence (Rev Mr Hall)	300 00
Peterboro' N. H. (Rev Dr Abbot and Mr Cutler)	70 00
Sterling (First Parish)	54 00
Northboro' (Rev Mr Allen)	75 00
Burlington Vt. (Rev Mr Ingersol)	158 00
Milton (Rev Mr Angier)	16 00
Lowell (Rev Mr Miles)	120 00
Medford (Rev Mr Stetson)	71 00
Roxbury (Rev Mr Parker)	53 00
Boston (Second Church)	436 00
Salem (Rev Dr Flint)	56 40
Quincy (Rev Mr Whitney and Mr Lunt)	41 34
Boston (Federal Street)	1,326 00
Cambridge (First Church and College Church)	401 30
Beverly (Rev Mr Thayer)	100 00
Concord (Rev Mr Ripley and Mr Frost)	107 00
Marshfield (Rev Mr Leonard)	34 00
Roxbury (Rev Mr Putnam)	275 00
Barre (Rev Mr Thompson)	30 00
Boston (New South)	1,250 00
Boston (Twelfth Congregational)	200 00
Boston (Brattle Street)	757 00
Boston (First Church)	1,000 00
Newburyport (Rev Mr Fox)	165 00
Individual Subscriptions	1,720 00
	$10,205 10

We learn that a liberal subscription has been made in Rev Mr Peabody's Society in Springfield, if not in other places, but the amount not having been received, nor yet known to the Committee, could not be included in the above statement. We may be pardoned ourselves for adding, that the sum credited to 'individual subscriptions,' includes a donation of $1,000 from one gentleman of this city, a member of the Hollis Street Society.

We have never yet noticed a fact in connexion with the Theological School, the mention of which we now quote with great pleasure from an official document. The Treasurer of the University, in his annual Statement lately printed, remarks that 'there has been received of Rev Francis Parkman D. D., five thousand dollars, to be added to the donation of the late Samuel Parkman Esq., to constitute with said donation a foundation for a Theological Professorship in the University, to be called the "Parkman Professorship." The union of filial respect with regard for the interests of theological education evinced in this act needs no language of commendation. The late Mr Parkman, as we are informed, gave to the College land in Maine which he reasonably supposed would be an ample endowment of a Professorship; but from some cause or other the proceeds of sale were insufficient for this purpose. The donation of his son has enabled the Corporation to establish the 'Parkman Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care,' at a moment when some new arrangement was made necessary by the expiration of the term over which the subscription extended, from which the salary of Professor Ware Jr. has been drawn for the last ten years.

THE SOCIETY AT CHICAGO.

At the Annual meeting of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago held on the evening of the 9th January 1841,—

The following resolutions were unaninously adopted:

Resolved, That the earnest and heartfelt thanks of this Society are due to our brethren at the East who, during a period of great pecuniary embarrassment, and at a time when there were many urgent calls upon their benevolence so liberally contributed their aid towards the erection of the First Unitarian Church in this City.

Resolved, That this Society gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the several clergymen in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, who so warmly espoused our cause and tendered the use of their Pulpits to our Pastor.

Resolved, That this Society entertain the liveliest gratitude to their worthy and respected Pastor, the Rev. Joseph Harrington, Jr., for his zealous, laborious and efficient exertions in procuring the amount necessary for the completion of our House of Worship.

Resolved, That the Secretary cause these resolutions to be published in the Christian Register and Western Messenger and that he furnish the Rev. Mr Harrington with a copy of the same.

A true copy of the Records. Attest:
EDWARD K. ROGERS, *Secretary.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee of this Association say, in including their last Annual Report, that 'they see much to animate zeal, and regard the signs of the times as pointing out the duty of increased exertion and untiring perseverance in the cause of Christian Truth. It may be for the succeeding Committee, under sanction of this Meeting, to inquire what new measures can be adopted for arousing the public mind to religious inquiry; as, for example, whether the interests of the Association and of Unitarianism generally might not be promoted by the appointment of preaching visitors to some of the principal towns of the Kingdom,—whether a plan might not be arranged with the Scottish and Irish Unitarian Associations for an interchange of representatives from them and us, at our respective anniversaries,—whether a greater outlay upon valuable publications be not desirable,—and whether some plan might not be devised for courses of Unitarian Lectures in the metropolis or elsewhere, by a succession of our ablest ministers in the Three Kingdoms.'

SUNDRIES.

The property owned by Trinity Church, N. Y., amounts to between 15 and 20 millions of dollars; the richest corporation in America.——The receipts of the Am. Colonization Society, the past year, were $50,000.——An Upper Canada paper says, that within the last four years more than 12,000 runaway slaves have made their escape into Canada from the United States.——The British Government are in possession of the principal part of India—embracing a population of 140,000,000 inhabitants.——A distinguished writer of the Roman Catholic Church has lately undertaken to show that the ordinations of Episcopal ministers of the Church of England are not valid.——The Philadelphia 'Presbyterian' states that, 'on a moderate calculation, there are more than 1000 feeble Churches of the Presbyterian denomination, *utterly unable, without aid from others*, to support a pastor.'——The United States whale ships in the Pacific Ocean are manned by 12,000 seamen!——The Boston Atheneum contains 31,788 volumes; 807 were added during the past year.——Professor Sparks, of Harvard University, is at Paris, engaged in his search of materials for a History of the American Revolution.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From the Bangor Auxiliary Association,	$ 60 00
From the Cambridgeport Auxiliary Association,	56 00
From the Portland Auxiliary Association,	60 00
From the Templeton Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Rev Mr Parker's Society, Roxbury,	7 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Needham,	18 00
From the Aux. Association in Brooklyn, N. Y.,	56 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Medfield,	10 00
From the Aux. Association in West Cambridge,	10 00
From the Aux. Association in New Bedford,	116 00
From the Aux. Association in South Scituate,	35 00
From Hon. Samuel Hoar, Concord,	10 00
From the Ladies Sewing Society in Charlestown, N. H. to constitute the Rev J. Crosby Life Member of the A. U. A.,	30 00
From R. Manley Esq., to constitute himself, and Miss Mary Manly, Life Members of the A. U. A.,	60 00

Boston, Feb. 2, 1841.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Treasurer of the S. S. S. acknowledges the receipt of the following sum towards defraying the expenses of the Society's Agent.

Federal Street Sunday School, by E. Wigglesworth Esq. $10 25

OBITUARY.

Died, in Chicago, Illinois, CALEB A. BUCKINGHAM, fourth son of Joseph T. Buckingham, Esq. of this city.

The writer of this notice became acquainted with the character of Mr. Buckingham during a short visit to Chicago and Geneva during the past summer, and wishes to lay upon the early grave of this excellent young man, the expression of respect which that character inspired. In the town of Geneva, where Mr. B. had fixed his residence as a lawyer, and in the whole surrounding country, he was considered as the most promising man by far, of his years, for talents and energy. The party with which he was associated in politics placed him among its leading men. There is no doubt, that had he lived, he would soon have been highly distinguished in his adopted State But his moral character was yet more remarkable perhaps for its purity and strength. It was not merely negative, but positive. While many young men who go out to the West appear to consider themselves unbound from all restraint, Mr. B. felt himself called on to unite with those who were endeavoring to encourage virtue and repress immorality. Deeply interested in the religious welfare of the community, he took a prominent part in establishing a Sunday School in Geneva, and acted constantly as its Superintendent. At this time there were no regular religious services in the place, so that this Sunday School was the first religious institution in Geneva. Mr. B. was in the habit of opening this School with prayer, and when he was obliged to be absent on a journey, he would not go till he had made arrangements to have this exercise continued.

The loss of such a man as this will be deeply felt, no less by the community where he resided, than by his immediate relatives. But that which makes their loss so profound, contains also its consolation. It is the decided religious character of this young man, which must be the comfort and support of the bereaved parent and the wide circle which mourns him. How happy are they, that in thinking of him, they may recall not merely his distinguished talents and accomplishments, but an earnest piety which assures them that the loss is only *theirs!* Over such a grave the tears of sorrow must be mingled with feelings of gratitude. For should we not be most grateful that those who have left us, have gone from earth with unsullied characters, with unspotted purity, untarnished honor, unquestionable integrity, and devoted piety?

His life was bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be—no ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap:
'Tis well with *him*

INTELLIGENCE.

Dr Channing's Lecture.—Dr Channing delivered a very eloquent sermon at the Warren St. Chapel, on Sunday evening, on the subject of Social Union. It was marked by all the peculiarities of this eminent divine's views; and was written in the simple, clear, and beautiful style for which he is distinguished. Sincerity was stamped on every word he uttered. In pleading the cause of the poor, the ignorant, the suffering and the degraded, he seemed to speak from the depths of a philanthropic and benevolent heart. No one that heard him could have failed to have been impressed. Towards the close of his sermon, he paid a beautiful and discriminating tribute to the memory of Dr Tuckerman, with whom, for forty-seven years of his life, he was on terms of intimate friendship. —*Times.*

The fact that many houses were blown up in the effort to stay the progress of the great fire in New York, in 1835, will be recollected. The owners sued the corporation for damages, and the cases went through several courts until it reached the court for the Correction of Errors. Of the issue there we have the following paragraph from the N. Y. Standard:

'By recent reports of the Court of Errors, now in session at Albany, it will be seen that in five of the New York fire cases carried to it from the Supreme Court, the decision has been affirmed. This releases the city from the liability for buildings torn down to stop a conflagration.'

St. Augustine (E. F.)—A correspondent of the Mercantile Journal writes thus from St. Augustine, Jan. 2.

The climate here is delightful. The thermometer has generally stood at 50 to 60 in the shade, in the day time. The air is bland and free from that chilly dampness which is so disagreeable to invalids at the north. We have several gentlemen here who have visited all parts of Europe and the West Indies for their health, and they all unite in pronouncing this decidedly the most favorable place for the majority of invalids, of any they have ever met with. One gentleman, a highly respectable merchant from Boston, is now spending his sixth winter in this city. It is warm enough here to relieve the lungs from all irritation, and at the same time not so warm as to cause general debility, as is the case in Cuba, Santa Cruz, and other places. I am well persuaded that thousands of our northern citizens might save their lives by a timely visit to this place. I have learned a great many instances of very surprising cures.

Friends.—The Society of Friends have a College in the city of Providence—the New England Yearly Meeting Boarding School. The course of instruction is similar to that in the highest institutions of learning, and the terms of board and tuition, including books, stationary, &c. is but eighty dollars per annum.

A Slaver captured.—An American merchant at Havana writes from there on Jan. 13th. The following is an extract.

'The Spanish brig, Jesus Maria, arrived here a few days since with 245 negroes, prize to H. B. M. ship Ringdove, taken between St. Thomas and St. Croix. She has been condemned by the Court of mixed Commission, and the negroes are to be sent to Trinidad.'

This is the same vessel alluded to in the following extract of a letter of Dec. 30th, from St. Croix.

'On opening the hatches they found the hold crammed with negroes from 8 to 12 years old, stark naked, with their heads shaved.

The crew of the slaver was immediately taken on board the brig, and the slaver manned and brought into this port.'

Referring to the spectacle presented by this vessel the writer says,

'I beheld this morning, in company with several gentlemen, one of the most horrible sights my eyes ever encountered. After breakfast we engaged a boat and went along side the slaver, and conversed some time with the lieutenant in command, on the subject of his vocation.

Several of the little sufferers were very ill, and one died last night. They were all placed around the sides of the vessel, and as we approached they grinned and waved their hands at us, apparently quite happy and pleased with having their liberty on deck.

I do not regret that I took the trouble to see them, but I never desire to see another such horrible sight. The cargo belongs to a Spaniard in Porto Rico, whose loss will be $60,000.

Revolutionary Pensions. Mr Webster, in support of a claim for the widow of a soldier, *ante*-Revolutionary almost—thus speaks:

Mr. Webster said, as there were some Senators present who were not here last year, he would relate the circumstances of this case, but he should neither adorn nor illustrate it. All readers of our history know that on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, the British army left Boston to proceed to Concord, where the colonial stores were collected, to seize those stores. That was the commencement of the war. On the morning of the 19th this intelligence had been communicated to a considerable distance by the use of torches, tar barre's, and other signals, and before noon of the 19th of April, Isaac Davis, an interesting young man of between eighteen and nineteen years of age, the husband of the applicant, who was then the captain of a militia company, was on his way to protect the Colonial stores. Before the British troops could arrive at Concord, they sent forward a party to take possession of two bridges on the Concord river, which were situated three or four miles apart; and, at an early hour, this intention was known for many miles round, and Isaac Davis, with his company, were soon under arms and on their march. They arrived at Concord by a road that led to the lower of these bridges, and there, on the right and on the left, were seen other collections of the militia of Massachusetts; but there was no organization amongst them. Davis, with his company, however, kept on his course, according to his own sense of propriety; before he reached the bridge, admonitory shouts were given to the militia not to approach, and as the admonition was disregarded, the British fired and several men fell. Davis then pressed forward, and as he approached the bridge the British again fired, and he fell; but in the contest that ensued the British were driven back to Boston. His widow, after his death, was married to another person, and acquired the name of Leighton. She was now ninety years of age, was poor and penniless, He thought it a strong case; there was no case like it. He had received communications from as honorable and high minded men as were in Massachusetts, requesting him to interest himself in the case of this poor woman; and he hoped something would now be done for her by Congress.

REMEDY FOR SCALDS.

By a Physician of Philadelphia.

I have so often seen remedies for human ill given to the newspapers, and at once consigned to oblivion, that I have for a great while hesitated to present this remedy to the public. For fourteen years I have prescribed it, and witnessed its effects. I deliberarely say from fourteen years experience, that no disease or injury to the human system has a more certain remedy than this for the most distressing of all injuries, that of scalds and burns. The relief is almost instantaneous; from a minute to half an hour; will usually find full relief from pain. No matter what the extent of the burn, even if all the skin is remov from the body.

The first knowledge I had of it was the almost miraculous cure of a little boy, who fell into a half hogshead of boiling water, prepared for scalding bristles from swine. The entire person and limbs of the boy passed under the water up to the chin, so as to scald the whole neck. On removing his clothes, nearly all the skin followed from his neck, hands, back, abbomen, and almost every bit of skin from his lower extremities! In this deplorable condition, literally flayed alive with scalding water, the remedy was promptly applied, as a momentary application, until the physicians should arrive. Two eminent physicians soon came, and on learning the extent of the scald, pronounced it a certainly fatal case, and directed the boy to remain with the remedy over him until he should die. In six weeks he was reported quite well, with scarcely a scar on any part of his person or limbs. The remedy increases in value from the fact that under almost all circumstances it may be obtained. It is as follows:

Take soot from a chimney where wood is burned, rub it fine, and mix one part soot to three parts, or nearly so, of hog's lard, fresh butter, or any kind of fresh grease, that is not salted, spread this on linen or muslin, or any cotton cloth for easier or more perfect adaptation. If in very extensive burns or scalds, the cloth should be torn into strips before putting over the scald. Let the remedy be freely and fully applied, so as to perfectly cover all the burned part. No other application is required until the patient is well except to apply fresh applications of the soot and lard, &c.

In steamboat explosions, this remedy can in nearly all cases, be at once applied, and if done, many valuable lives will be saved, and a vast amount of suffering alleviated.

If you and the corps editorial, will hand this remedy around our country, and invite attention to it, and that also those who use it may give their testimony for or against it, I feel assured that in a few months, this most efficacious and almost unfailing remedy will be every where known and used in the United States.—*U. S. Gaz.*

From China.—News from China to August 15th has been received by a recent arrival at Philadelphia. We give the following extract from the statement of the Philadelphia North American.

The news from China, which is obtained orally from Mr Foster of this city, who came in the above mentioned vessel, is warlike. The commissioner Lin is stated to have remarked, that although the British might destroy the towns on the sea coast, as he expected they would, their cannon being superior, should they attempt to penetrate the interior they would meet their destruction. The Chinese are hostile and confident.

Mr Stanton, an English missionary residing at Macao, had been seized while bathing, and hurried to Canton by Chinese who were desirous of obtaining a reward from the Government for the capture. The English demanded his release, which being refused, they attacked the forts just above Macao, and battered them down, destroying about *seventy* Chinese.—The forts at the Bogue, or Bocca Tigris, were yet untouched; the reason is believed to be that the English consider them too formidable. These forts contain two hundred cannon mounted.

The troops expected from India have failed to arrive in such numbers as we anticipated. The commissaries at Singapore had disposed of the stores of provisions collected for the India troops. The troops now in China number about 4500. The general impression was that the British forces were insufficient to make decisive movements, and that the war would be protracted. The capture of Chusan was regarded as a trifling achievement. The British pushed no further.

An attempt had been made at Macao to seize two British officers in the street, by throwing chains round their necks; the officers, however, drew their swords and made good their defence. It is said that the Chinese are continually prowling about Macao, for the sake of seizing Englishmen, and obtaining the rewards for such seizure.

The British had found it impossible to transmit to the Emperor any proposals, as the Chinese would not carry them.

Later from China.—By an arrival at New York from Liverpool, we learn that accounts from China to Oct. 1st have been received by the overland mail. We quote the following account from the Boston Daily Advertiser of the 1st inst.

'The China accounts from Chusan are to Oct. 1; from Canton and Macao to the end of August. In the purport of these accounts there is a good deal of contradiction. The British Admiral had succeeded in opening a communication with the Chinese Government, through Capt Elliot, who entered the mouth of the Pecho river, on the 11th of August, with a flag of truce, delivered the Admiral's letter, and ten days afterwards received an answer, and was admitted to a conference with the Imperial Commissioner KheShan. The result of these communications is not known, but it is believed that the Emperor has promised to open negotiations at Canton, and is willing to renew the commercial intercourse at Canton, on condition that the British will evacuate Chusan. It was rumored further that the Emperor had agreed to pay £3,000,000 as an indemnification for the opium, and the expenses of the war, and to give up the Commissioner Lin into the hands of the English, to be dealt with as they see fit. But we do not perceive that this is supported by the authority of the India papers, and it seems strongly improbable. Tea had fallen in consequence of the news, it is said, 7d on the lb.

The news from India is favorable to the English. The Cabul and Affghanistan war was at an end.

The King of Lahore is dead, as also his successor, by the falling of a wall upon him, while he was passing through a gateway in the funeral procession.

The news from Syria is not important, except that the blockade of the coast was raised. Ibrahim Pacha was still with his army at Damascus. It was not known whether the Ottoman Government would accept the terms of Admiral Stopford's treaty with Mehemet Ali.

From England.—The latest English dates received are to Jan. 7th. The news, with the exception of that from China is unimportant.

The accounts of money matters, and of the Cotton market at Liverpool, are favorable.

The Turkish Empire.—A Paris letter writer says:—'One thing is certain. The whole Turkish empire is doomed sooner or later to destruction, and will eventually be parcelled out to Europeans, and I don't know that it matters much whether the division be made sooner or later. In time, and perhaps in a few years, the empire, in which I include Syria, will exist not even in name.'

The exports of Russia for 1839, amounted to 314,898,679 bank roubles—and the imports to 249,152,476. The exports exceeded the imports by 92,746,203 roubles.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURE.

A second lecture will be delivered in the Chapel in Phillips place on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, by Jas. Freeman Clarke.

SUBJECT—*Justification by Faith.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The South Congregational Sunday School will celebrate their Anniversary at the Rev. Mr Motte's Church on Sunday evening, February 7th.

Addresses will be made by Rev. Henry Ware Jr; Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop; and Rev. Frederick T. Gray.

Services commence at 7 o'clock.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Motte, Mr Laban T. Beal to Miss Mary K. Marsh, daughter of the late Ephraim Marsh, Jr., all of Boston.

In Brighton, on Tuesday morning, by Rev. Mr Lamson, Mr Frederick Clay to Miss Lucy Meriam.

In Beverly, by Rev. Mr Thayer, Mr Thomas Barrett, of that town, aged 81, to Mrs Sarah G. Smith, of Boston, aged 66.

In Montpelier, Vt., 20th inst., Mr Joseph Burrage, of Boston, to Miss Frances S. Perrin, of M.; Mr E. P. Lothrop, of Worcester, to Miss Clarisa Jacobs.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Friday morning, at the United States Hotel, after a long and painful illness, Mrs Eliza C. Stewart, wife of Enos Stewart, Esq.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, suddenly, Mr William Badger, 73.

In this city, Saturday morning, January 30th, George Dixwell Hunt, son of the late George Hunt, 30.

In Nashua, N. H., Jan. 24th, Charlotte F. Peabody, 21.

In Rye, N. H., Jan. 30th, Mrs Huldah Marden, 63.

In Baltimore, 24th ult., Mrs Susannah Pipher, a native of Reuhss Hossen, Germany, in the 108th year of her age.

13th ult., on board brig Samos, on the passage from this port to Havana, whither he was going on account of his health, Wm. H. Delano, Esq. of the house of Delano & Whitney, of this city.

On board bark John Bronwer, Dec. 9, on the passage from Marseilles to New Orleans, of consumption, Dr Buckner T. Magill surgeon of the U. S. ship of the line Ohio.

A MIDDLE AGED, MARRIED MAN, destitute of resources, is desirous of obtaining employment in arranging accounts, copying manuscripts, or any kind of writing, or as a proof reader; for either of which he is fully competent. Inquire at this office. 1t f6

PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY, with illustrative Notes, by Henry Lord Brougham and Sir Chas. Bell; to which are added supplementary Dissertations by Sir Charles Bell—with numerous wood cuts. 5 vols. For sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. feb 6

CHAPEL LITURGY—new edition—A Liturgy for the use of the Church at King's Chapel, in Boston—fifth edition—with family prayer and services, and other additions, by F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D.

This day published by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street j 23

WAVERLEY NOVELS, English edition. — The complete set in 48 vols, last edition, with fine engravings.

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WHO SHALL BE THE GREATEST?—by Mary Howitt—being No. 4, Mary Howitt's Tales for the People and their Children, will be published early next week by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. feb 6

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF PALESTINE.—The Pictorial History of Palestine, by the editor of the Pictorial Bible, illustrated with several hundred engravings. London.

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UNITARIANISM DEFENDED—A series of Lectures, by Rev James Martineau, Rev Henry Giles, Rev John Hamilton Thom, in reply to a course of Lectures entitled Unitarianism Confuted, by thirteen Clergymen of the Church of England. 8vo, London.

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R. E. DIXON, successor to GEO. H. GAY, Dentist Removed to No. 9 Winter Street. july 13

NEW CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S BOOK.—The Pathway of the Savior, designed for Sunday school Libraries, and Bible Classes; by a Friend of Children.

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His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!'

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For sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. j 23

FRENCH BOOKS, splendidly illustrated.—This day received—Histoire de Napoleon, par A. M. Laurent de L'Ardeche; illustree par Horace Vernet, 8vo—Aventures de Robinson Crusoe, par Daniel Defoe, traduction; nouvelle edition, illustree par J. J. Grandville, 8vo—Fables de La Fontaine, illustree par J. J. Grandville, 2 vols—Œuvres des Moliere; vignettes par Tony Johannot, notice historique par Saint Beuve, 2 vols—Don Quichote de la Mancha, par Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; traduit et annote par Louis Viardot, vignettes par T. Johannot, 2 vols—Gil Blas de Santillane, orne de 600 vignettes par Gigaux, 8vo—Le Diable Boiteux, illustree par T. Johannot, 8vo—Cours Methodique de Geographie, par H. Chauchard et A. Muntz, illustree d'une grand nombre de gravures, 8vo—Excursions Daguerriennes; collection de 50 planches, representant les vues et le monuments les plus remarkables du globe, 2d and 3d livraisons—Paul et Virginie, par J. H. Bernardin Saint Pierre, splendidly illustrated, 8vo

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MOUNT BOWDOIN SCHOOL, Dorchester, Mass.—The Spring term of this School (situated near Rev. Mr Hall's Church,) will commence on the 3d of March next, and continue eleven weeks. Great effort has been made to secure good advantages for obtaining a thorough and Classical Education. A school for young Ladies will open at the same time. A building lately erected, commanding a delightful

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE DYING MOTHER.

The eve was fair and lovely. Twilight still
Lingered like a golden veil along
The sky, and the soft mellow light,
That tinged with rainbow coloring the boughs
Of the green forest trees, as proud they waved
Their glories in the sunset air, seemed lent
By heaven to earth, to speak of hope and joy.
'T was glorious, yet sad.
'T was glorious
To look on such a scene, so fraught with all
That nature in her loveliest garb hath shown,
And feel that he whose throne is far above,
And whose right hand doth guide the starry train
In their bright course, doth still descend to earth,
Wreathing it gaily for his children here.
And then 't was sad to think of those, whose life
At this loved hour, was drawing to a close:
Whose eyes upon the beauteous scene around,
Were closing fast, and closing now for aye,
And on whose ears the music tones of love
Were dying faintly on the breeze away.
Yes, there were many such, around whose couch
The messengers of death seemed hovering,
As if reluctant to perform their task.
'T is sad to see the young and lovely pass
From this bright world away, ere yet the flowers
Of young existence wither 'neath their feet,
Ere yet the silvery harp-notes of delight
Have ceased to wave an echo in the heart,
Or the glad spirit sunk 'neath care and woe.
'T is sad to see the promised buds of hope
Plucked rudely off and withering cast away,
And to find nothing save a dreary void,
Where once was light and beauty: yet the heart
Can find a solace for its woe in these,
For there were none to look to them, to guide
With gentle hand through life's uncertain way
That were but lambs within the fold of earth,
And short the passage to their shepherd's arms.
But when a mother dies, she on whose tones
The heart of childhood hung for life and breath,
She round whose soul a thousand chains are cast
That link her to her home, yes, when she dies,
We gaze in wonder on, till we are lost
In the dark maze of mystery and fear.

The darkened room was silent. Not a sound,
Saving at intervals a long-drawn sigh,
Or a low stifled sob from its deep fount,
Broke on the painful silence. She whose life
Was wreathed around with every charm, that binds
The loved and loving to the homes of earth,
She on whose voice, the melody of soul
So oft had risen like incense to the skies,
She from whose radiant eye the smile of love
Poured its warm sunshine, she was there
With blanched cheek, rivalling the lily's hue,
Waiting the summons home.
Meek she lay,
While her dishevelled tresses kissed the brow
Of the sweet innocent, that by her couch
With pensive gaze and sad looked on in fear,
Fixed and entranced in deeply silent grief.
The sunset hour had faded. One by one
The glorious lamps of heaven were bright illumed
As if with holy radiance, and the beams
Of night's pale silvery empress, as they stole
With noiseless footsteps through the room of death,
Seemed sent to guide her on her upward path.
The life-pulse throbbed but tremulously there,
Now hushed, as if forever, and again
Reviving, as it fain would linger still,
To warm the heart so well beloved.
Slowly
The silken curtain, that so long had veiled
The quenchless love that there was garnered,
Broke from its heavy chain, and once again,
Yes, for the last, last time, that eye looked fresh.
One look of deep unutterable love was cast
On her half-conscious child, one gaze intense
As if the spirit's farewell then was breathed,
And all was over.
Green waves the grass
Above the resting place of the lone dead,
And many a year of sunlight and of shade,
Hath passed o'er that fair child, yet she will tell you
With a tearful eye of that last look,
For it hath been a charm to keep the fount
Of thought and feeling pure and bright within,
A cynosure to point the way to heaven,
And draw her onward to that place of rest.

L. B. T.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

BY HENRY ST. JOHN TUCKER.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

(From the Episcopal Recorder.)

IN MEMORY OF MRS KEITH, OF ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

'A star has set in heaven—a light hath passed from earth,
A pure, a ransomed soul hath sought the clime that gave it birth,
A gentle voice is hushed—a tender form laid low,
A heart is still whose every pulse bade love's sweet waters flow.'

Shall we mourn the loved, the lost,
Who hath reached a brighter shore,
That the bark by billows tost,
Is moored, life's perils o'er?
Shall we mourn the pure, the bright,
Who hath joined the angel throng,
That with crown and raiment white,
She hath swelled their victor song?
Oh weep for the mourner, the stricken, the lone,
The desolate, broken in heart,
Who hath seen from his pathway, his bosom, and home,
The loved and the loving depart!
But joy that the captive, the ransomed is free,
The soul from his prison-house fled.
Praise for the gift, O Lord,
Now at thy call restored;
For her, thy chosen one, our loved, our own,
Lent for a little while,
Our pathway to beguile,
Hence to her God, to kindred beings flown;
For the kind voice to cheer,
To bless, to guide us here,
To point with radiant brow to rest above,
To lure our spirits there,
By life of lowly prayer.
By words o' hope, and deeds of holy love,
For the high noble mind,
Earth could no longer bind.
Longing to bask in heaven's unclouded light,
There freed from every chain,
Wisdom unknown to gain,
From Christ the Lamb, from saint, from seraph bright,
For these we bless the name,
From whom our loved one came.
Thou in whose faith she meekly, calmly died!
We bow at thy decree,
We yield her unto thee.
Her blissful home with spirits glorified,
Not lost but gone before,
She will return no more,
Now sleeping sweetly on her Savior's breast,
But we shall meet again,
Redeemed from Earthly stain,
In thy unfading bowers, fair land of rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register and Observer.

ROBERT JONES, A NEW ENGLAND BLACKSMITH.

Robert Jones was the son of the poorest man in the little village of Dalton, a town among the Green Mountains. His father was one of the many men originally of no mean figure, in his native hamlet, who fought in the war of independence, and brought from it, not only the scars and remembrance of battle-fields, but what was well called 'the camp-fever,' that is a disposition to neglect his own affairs, to be oftener out of his shop than in it (he was a cooper by trade), to tell long stories and drink 'flip' and 'toddy,' till even the old war and the Hessians were forgot. With such habits the little competence, he had collected and his wife had saved, by diligence on his part and the thrifty economy of New England housewifes on hers, was soon spent, and the soldier of the Revolution became the poorest man in the village, and what was then rarer than it has since become —a confirmed drunkard.

Robert was born in the famous year '75; the year of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The religious spirit which had come down from the past century seemed to have reached a higher flood in Dalton, than elsewhere. It remained stationary till the war of Independence caused its healing waters to recede. We little know at what cost our national freedom was purchased. The price was not paid at Bunker Hill, or White Plains, nor yet at Valley Forge, nor in the Jersey campaigns. No, not even in the 'Jersey Prison Ship' where eleven thousand of our countrymen fell martyrs to patriotism and the cruel policy of England. No, the price was paid by the demoralized soldier, by the wife he deserted, the child he ruined, and the companion who caught the infection he breathed. It was paid in the tears of widows whose husbands were still in the body, and orphans that had fathers on the earth; in the neglect of Religion and the scorn of morality, which long warfare always brings.

But to return. Robert felt early the blessed influence of a mother's religion. She taught him to *read* the word of God in the Bible, to *find* it written in the flower under his foot; in the stars that twinkled over his head; in the water-drop which now shone like a topaz in the Rainbow, next toiled at the wheel of the village mill; then moistened the root of a wild brier rose, and at last gave brightness to its fragrant petals. She taught him that Religion is a life; that prayer is something real; that God is never far from us; that Christianity, and Love, and Holiness and Heaven, and Rest for the Soul, though often preached up and believed on only as *names*, both then and now, were something real, and were the best and most beautiful of all things which crown a mortal's lot, or make up the life of an angel. Many mothers were then in New England like Ruth Jones the cooper's wife, and many such are there now. They are the mothers of men. It is rare that a religious woman fails to open and bless the spirit of childhood. God seems to have sown the female heart more richly with the orient pearl of religion, that the same bosom may nourish the infant body, and give 'angel's food' to the young soul. Certainly the prayers, the religion, the Christian faith of Ruth soon became the life of the boy. When the father came sauntering home in '83, the boy in his ninth year was already baptized with the fire of the Holy Spirit.

We must pass briefly over the actions of years which dragged heavily to poor Ruth, and say in a word, that time in the midst of adversity perfected the work she so happily began. The father went to the Tavern, and Robert went to the Temple. His small earnings, won by the little services a boy can render in a village, were piously paid in to the support of a mother whom disappointment had bowed down, and of the father abandoned as he was. At a suitable age, the village smith, who was a kind man and loved to encourage merit, and knew that a good turn in youth often determines the direction and result of a life, took him as apprentice to his calling.

The opportunities for intellectual improvement were certainly scanty at Dalton then, as they are now, when there is less excuse for the fact. The School kept by a *master*—not a *teacher*—lasted but 8 weeks in the 52; and that kept by a *mistress*—who could hardly be called an *instructer*—seldom more than 16, and then only for the little boys and the girls. Reading and writing, and a small knowledge of accounts were all the fund in themselves, on which master or mistress could draw. So the minds of scholars went hungry and bare. But what is in a man will come out, at least show that it is in him. 'There was the daily work of his trade, the woods, the grass, the stars, the waters, men and women, from without; there were Duty and Faith, and Religion and Love, from within—and all these were the educators of Robert Jones, the Blacksmith's 'Prentice boy, the Drunkard's son. We need not say he grew in grace.

Years passed over him, as they have over me, and will over you, my young reader. His apprenticeship over, he lived on wages with the smith, and supported entirely his mother, now ready to die of premature old age. The house where she bore him, soon gave signs that the boy was a man, who knew how to husband his earnings. The decay of years was repaired, and the old cottage made to look 'quite decent like' and tidy. The father—'no man could tame him'—for the Evil Spirit of Rum possessed him, the Demon of the Dram-shop held him in thrall as the cat plays with a mouse. No son could hope to reform him. No, the Savior of the world opened eyes and ears, and loosed tongues stopped from the birth; he cast out devils, and raised the dead, and silenced the Pharisees—who have since got a voice again—but he never raised a drunkard from his cups, that we read of.

Young Robert, the smith's 'hired man,' the son of the village Drunkard—young Robert all sweaty and sooty, was an object of respect to every wise man in the village. The two deacons had both asked him to join the Church,—though ten years younger than the youngest member; and even Mr Plaintext the Parson loved—good old man as he was—to sit an hour on the anvil and talk with Robert about heavenly things. Many a wise matron said to her heart, 'what a nice husband he would make for our Judy!' What if Sally Shallow Brain, and Anna Slender Waist thought he was 'not genteel;' what if Susan Little Sight declared he had the hardest hand in the village? There were other Sallys and Annas and Susans, with whom good sense and unblemished character go quite as far, yes, as far as 'yellow gloves' or dashy stick now go with some of my young friends of the female sex.

A few years passed over, and Robert had found an helpmeet, in an orphan girl, whose forlorn situation attracted his notice, no less than her pleasant face, and sweet voice, and unobtrusive excellence won his heart.

There is something quite mysterious in love, when it flows naturally as in our quiet villages. In a great city the rich will marry the rich; and the giddy be left to the light-headed, straws and feathers naturally attract each other and conglomerate on the surface of the stream. 'Like consisteth with like.' Why should it not? But gold and precious stones just as naturally come together at the bottom of the stream and dazzle the waters with their light. Why need we tell the character of the wife of Robert? Because, the wise often wed like fools, to buy repentance. To Robert, so he says in old age, three things were *essential* in a wife, Religion, Good Sense and Diligence, and three *desirable*, Beauty, Sociability and Wit. I do not say she possessed these, though certainly she had the three first in no moderate degree. Both were poor in outward circumstances, but both rich in a sound body and contented mind, in a religious heart, good habits of industry, economy and thrift, and in the power of self-help. Why need they fear poverty in New England? They did not. So

'With bold affection pure and true,
These lovers grew all fear above;
While Faith and Conscience fed with dew,
The strong and pure-like flower of Love.'

When they began housekeeping in their small way,—and sure it was small enough—it was in the fear of the Lord. They knew one another, and they loved one another; they knew their duty and they did it. 'It is my part,' says Robert, 'to bring what is needed into the house, and yours, Sally, to see that it does not waste.' What if they rose early and sat down late; what if Labor and Prudence were their daily companions, and they turned a shilling many times before they spent it? It were better that all men did so. With all their labors and Yankee thrift, for they had this patrimony, —they found an hour in their busiest day for religious meditation and prayer, and often several for mental improvement in their relaxation from toil, and their Religion grew deeper as their minds expanded more wide. It was not their wont to trust their work to prayerless hands; nor to lay unthankful heads on the pillow of sleep. Yet many, whose hands no work of a manual kind has roughened, have no time for study; no time for Religion!

Many houses are there in New England, like this little cottage of Robert and Sally; they stand modestly all over the land, and when Patriotism retires from the Halls of Congress, and the cities; when Religion has withdrawn from the Pulpit and the crowd—both will take up their abode in these obscure dwellings, and cheer, as they now do, the fireside of the religious poor. Religion may be only an ornament in the eyes of the affluent and gay; an ornament worn on Sundays, or in the presence of their minister if he is a pious man,—and then carefully laid by. But with the poor this is not so.

Years passed over the Church at Dalton—and the cottage of Robert; the former changed little; the latter much. At first there were only two heads at the table—but little curly pated urchins gradually gathered around the board, till at last something like a dozen of sons and daughters might be counted there, and the heads of the Parents not gray. The blessing of the Psalmist fell on the righteous pair. (Ps. cxxviii. 3.) Robert was one of the few who thought the best work of every present generation, was to take care of the generation now coming up to take their place. Accordingly his chief object was to give his children an education. Providence smiled on his efforts. His secular affairs improved; his former master made him a partner soon after his marriage, and as years came on, gave up the whole business, to the thrifty hands of 'the religious 'Prentice,' as the old minister used always to call him. The little garden, adjoining the cottage, tilled at first only before the sun rose, or after he had gone down—gradually extended, till it became a broad farm, including the estate of 'Squire Seaver,' who soon tippled away his patrimony in half a score of years. The cottage itself gave way to a larger house, to suit the wants of Robert's rising family, and afford a home for his widowed mother. The smith had now a chance to educate his children—somewhat after his own fashion. With him Education was not necessarily the learning of Latin. He was perhaps himself the best educated man in the country, though he knew no more of Latin than the national motto. 'An Educated man,' he often told me, 'is one, who can use perfectly his Head, Heart, Hand and Soul. He may be a farmer, or a minister, and have got his training in the field or at the fireside, or in College.' He did not think it needful to leave a toilsome trade to obtain an education; for he knew, that each trade demands thought and is itself a school for the head and the hand, and besides, affords as much leisure as any of the learned professions, if one will use it. All the learning of his children came from the village school, and the Blacksmith's fireside. Yet his sons and daughters are more familiar with history, than most young people 'liberally' (i. e. *expensively*) educated, and had studied by far more books that have thought in them, than the young men and women of the first education in a fashionable city. Their pronunciation had something provincial, and they knew nothing of 'the last new novel.' Robert had spared no cost in his power to provide books, and all the means of a plain education for his family. But remembering how poor he had once been, and thinking it was a Christian rule, that the strong should help the weak—what was done for himself, was done for the village, for he improved the character of the district school, had an able teacher provided, and chiefly by his influence—for he became the chief man of the place—the school was kept all the year round, and a social library for the use of ALL who would read, connected with it. A little library was on his own shelves, purchased with money his neighbors spent for Rum and Cider and other articles of equal value. His children caught the love of study from him. He read to them—and his wife, the long winter evenings, while she plied the housewife's needle; and still more questioned them on the books they read, and the lectures, and even the Sermons, which they heard; thus fixing the habit of attention, deep and permanent.

More pains, if possible, were taken with their religious than their intellectual culture. He knew we must BEGIN WITH GOD, or we must end in dust. His first care, therefore, was to awaken in his children the sentiment of Religion, which when once aroused rarely sleeps again. In this as in all his works, his wife was his most efficient aid. God has sown the seeds of Piety more plentifully into woman's gentle heart; that she who makes the first, the deepest, and the most lasting impression on the young soul, may write on his forehead the name of GOD, and seal it for his service. He showed his children the goodness of God, in the world about us, in the happiness of the fly and the robin, in the majesty of the stars, or the beauty of an apple-tree in bloom. So that the first impression they caught of God, was that of Infinite Love, which is the Christian idea of God. He showed them the beauty of that greatest soul which has ever honored the earth, and revealed the mystery of Godliness in the flesh, so that a little child can understand it all. He dwelt on what is real and lasting in religion, and taught them this, leaving their childish fancies to wander at will in the graceful imagery of the New Testament. They saw in their parents, what they read in the Bible, and other good religious books—of which Robert could find but few, that would not pervert a child's mind, and make it hate religion. They learned kindness and gentle affection from the example of their parents.

Why should they love vice? Their eye was opened to see goodness, and they saw it and were glad. So their Reason and Religion were of one birth and grew up side by side in life. To this family the Sunday was a day of rest, of thought, of joy, of religion, of love. It was not kept with monkish austerity, but in the fear of the Lord. A walk, after Church, in the green fields, or a visit to an intelligent or a needy neighbor was deemed no interruption of the Sabbath. With him each day was the Lord's day, for it was kept holy, and his own house the House of God, for Peace and Love dwelt in it. For these reasons, the Sunday was dear to him, and the Church profitable. The Sunday prayer and the weekly practice looked both in the same direction. Doubtless he had dull Sermons and prayers that smite and offend pious souls, but he made the most of the good ones and frequented most those places that taught him most.

Such was the education of their Head and Heart. Their Hands were taught to toil. They united labor and cultivation. One only of the family had a taste for a 'learned profession,' and is now a physician in his native town; the rest of the sons, four in number, are married and settled in life and work at trades, or upon the soil. Of 'the girls' as he still calls them, four are married in the neighborhood, to sober, industrious men, and pursuing the course of their father, and two are still the companions of their mother.

Sixty five years have now passed over the head of Robert Jones the Blacksmith. 'His eye is not yet dim, nor his natural vigor abated.' Well could he give thanks, on last Thanksgiving day, when his eleven children, and five and forty grand children assembled in his house. 'I passed over Jordan,' said the grateful man, 'with my scrip and my staff, and now Thou hast made me this great people.' 'Verily,' says his wife, 'we have trusted in the Lord and he has given us a reward. May our children do better and be more deeply blessed.'

There are many men in New England, like this man. It is they who make its prosperity; they are the fathers of thriving towns; they fill its Churches, its Pulpits, its Senates. Their outfit in life consists at the first of three things, good habits of industry and economy; the abiding principle of Religion, and the power of self-help. What better estate can man leave to his children? G. L.

EFFECTS OF TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following beautiful passage, which a person will hardly be able to read without emotion:

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork; a woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words as we can recall them.

'My husband is a wheel-wright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband; but the love for the drink was strong in him; and it was'nt often he brought me more than five shillings out of his one pound one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send them to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge, and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. O! did'nt I give thanks upon my bended knees that night! Still I was fearful it would'nt last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings; so I felt that there was no fear for him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a bran new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost, that I'd saved out of his wages not knowing what might happen, and that always went before for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better fed children than our own four.'

It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty or wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but what we have seen.

THE BEST HOURS OF LIFE.—Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life for the Hour of Death. From the German of *Jean Paul Richter*. This day published by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court st. j 30

DR CARPENTER'S SERMONS.—This day received, a few copies of Sermons on various subjects, by the late Lant Carpenter, D. D., 8vo, London.
For sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. j 30

ADAMS'S LETTER.—A Letter to Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, of Boston, occasioned by his Tract on the Atonement. By Nehemiah Adams, Pastor of Essex st. Church, Boston. A few copies, balance of the edition, for sale at twelve cents each.
JAMES MUNROE & CO.,
jan 23 134 Washington street.

ENGLISH BOOKS, by the Columbia.—India, illustrated by splendid engravings, 8vo—Russia, illustrated, and an historical and descriptive account of that Empire, splendid engravings—Dr Channing's Works, 5 vols 12mo—Davidson on Biblical Criticism, 8vo—Milne's Poems, 2 vols 12mo—Milne's Poetry for the People, 12mo —Newman's Lectures on Justification, 8vo—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 8vo—Burns' Poetical Works, 8vo—Donaldson's Neus Cratylus, 8vo—Andral's Clinique Medicale, 8vo—Montague's selections from Taylor and others—Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art, &c, 8vo—Jamieson's Eastern Manners; Old Testament—Martineau's Hymns, 12mo—Chaucer's Poems, modernized, 12mo—Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury, 12mo —Moore's Poetical Works, vol 3—Facts to correct Fancies, by a Mother—Annual Register, 1839, 8vo—Bees, Pigeons, Rabbits, and the Canary Bird described—The Psalter, or Psalms of David, in English Verse, 18mo—Thomson's Conspectus of Pharmacopœia—Maps, Nos. 76, 84, 85.
Just received by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. j 30

MISS MARTINEAU'S NEW WORK.—The Hour and the Man; a historical romance, by Harriet Martineau, author of Deerbrook, &c &c.
Just published; for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. j 30

ENGLISH BOOKS.—The Friend, a series of Essays on the formation of fixed principles in politics, morals and religion, with literary amusements interspersed, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, third edition, with the author's last corrections and an appendix, and a synoptical table of the contents of the work, by Henry Nelson Coleridge.
The Chronicles of Monstrelet—containing an account of the cruel civil wars between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy, of the possession of Paris and Normandy by the English, their expulsion thence, and of other memorable events that happened in the Kingdom of France, as well as in other countries.
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.—What it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics and several cures of it, in three partitions, with their several sections, members, and subsections, philosophically, medicinally, historically opened and cut up, by Democritus, Junior, to which is prefixed a satyrical preface—the 16 edition.
The works of the Rev. Sydney Smith second edition, in three volumes. Lately received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and school sts. j 30

VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC ENGLISH BOOKS.—Practical Treatise on Bridge Building, on the Equilibrium of Vaults and Arches by Edward Cresy, with many fine plates—Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in 2 vols, 4to—a Practical and Theoretical Essay on Oblique Bridges, by George W. Buck—The Builder's and Workingman's New Director, comprising explanations of the general principles of Architecture the practice of building, &c. a new edition, revised and much enlarged; illustrated with 141 copper plates and numerous wood cuts—Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects of London, 2d edition, with corrections and additions—Public Works of Great Britain, Railways, &c., in one folio volume—A practical treatise on Railroads and interior communications in general, 3d edition, with additions, illustrated by several new engravings, by Nicholas Wood, &c., &c.
For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. j 30

USEFUL BOOKS.—Old English Prose Writers, consisting of selections from the works of Jeremy Taylor, works of Sir Thomas More, Feltham's Resolves, divine, moral and political, Latimer's select Sermons; edited by Rev A. Young.
Alice Bradford, or Experimental Religion
Dissertations and Discourses on the Evidences and Spirit of Christianity
Meditations for the Afflicted, Sick and Dying
Maundrell's Journey to Jerusalem, 1st American edition
Nature and design of a Christian Christian Church
Paley's complete Works, in 3 vols
Tucker's Light of Nature, in 4 vols
Brooks' Daily Monitor, or Reflections for each day in the Year
Greenwood's Lives of the Apostles
Hildreth's Lives of the Apostles, for children
Ware's Discourses on the Character and Offices of Christ
Ware's Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching
Biography of Distinguished Reformers, and History of the Reformation
Watson's Apology for the Bible
Hours for Heaven
Luther and his Times
Crammer and his Times
For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. j23

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS, per steamer Columbia.—Scenes and sports in Foreign Lands, by Major Napier, 2 vols—Memoirs of the Life of sir S. Romilly, 2d edition, 3 vols—The Life of sir Humphrey Davy, by his Brother, 1 vol—Moore's Poetical Works, collected by himself, vols 1, 2 and 3—Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, 1 vol—Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen, 8th edition, 1 vol—Burmeister's Manual of Entomology, new edition, 8vo—Turton's British Shells, by J. E. Gray, 1 vol—Montgomery's Manufactures of Great Britain and America contrasted, 1 vol—Wade's History of the Middle and Working Classes—Geary's Designs for Tombs and Cenotaphs—Coleridge's Church and State, Lay Sermons, &c, Pickering—do Aids to Reflection do —do Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit do—the New Excitement, for 1841—Turkey and the Turks, by John Reid—Burns' Works, Tegg's edition, 8vo.
This day received and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books, No. 112 Washington street. jan 30

THE CHESS PLAYER.—Just published by NATHANIEL DEARBORN,—The Chess Player, illustrated with diagrams. Containing Franklin's Essay on the Moral of Chess,—Introduction to the Rudiments of Chess, by Geo. Walker, Teacher,—to which are added the three games played at one and the same time by Philidor, sixty Openings, Mates and Situations, by W. S. Kenney, Teacher, with remarks, anecdotes &c., and an explanation of the round Chess Board. j30

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Select Hymns for Sunday Schools and families. The balance of the Edition for sale at 88c per dozen. Hildreth's Lives of the Apostles for Children, price 25c. Cumming's Questions on the Historical parts of the New Testament, for Schools and families with four maps—price $2 per dozen.—Also, Worcesters and Channing's Catechisms. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. j 16

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. *Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.* Contents of the No. for February.
The Distinction between Sacred and Profane History, Holy and Common Days, Places and Forms
Exposition of Mark ix. 49
Encouragements of Christian Life. A sermon by Rev A. B. Muzzey
A Hymn
Silent Expressions
Integrity and Charity
The Mountain Town; The Useful Minister and the Magnanimous Boy
Religious Controversy
The Eclectic Review on the Liverpool Unitarian Controversy
Notices of New Books—Intelligence &c &c
WILLIAM CROSBY & CO.
j 30 118 Washington st.

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.
JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.
This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz.—King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis street Society (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr Channing;) Boston. Church of the Messiah New York (Rev. Dr Dewey;) Cambridge, East Cambridge, West Cambridge, Cambridge Port, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Chelsea, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Weston, Lowell, Lexington, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Bedford, Ipswich, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Mass. — Portsmouth, Walpole, N. H. — Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me.—Hartford, Conn. —Providence, Newport, R. I.—Brattleboro' Vt.—Richmond, Va.—Savannah, Geo.—Mobile, Ala.—Alton, Ill. —St. Louis, Mo.—Louisville, Ky.—and many other places in New England and the Southern and Western States.
The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No further alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington street (up stairs.) j 6

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS; Edited by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; is published on the first of every month in numbers of sixty large octavo pages handsomely printed, at three dollars per annum.
Every number contains numerous Original Articles—a Sermon—Notices of Books and a greater amount of Intelligence relating to the Unitarian denomination, than any other of our Periodicals. The numbers already published have contained articles by the following writers:—Rev H. Ware jr, D. D., Rev Dr Dewey, Rev Dr Parkman, Rev Dr Walker, Rev E. Peabody, Rev C. A. Bartol, Rev C. Stetson, Rev A. P. Peabody, Rev C. Palfrey, Rev E. B. Hall, Rev G. E. Ellis, Rev John Pierpont, Rev W. H. Furness, Miss Lee, author of 'Three Experiments of Living,' Miss Park author of 'Miriam,' Rev R. C. Waterston, Rev T. B. Fox, Rev S. Osgood, Rev C. Robbins, and many others. Every endeavor is made to render the work work worthy of patronage.
The number for January being the commencement of a new volume, a good opportunity is offered for subscribers to commence.
Specimens will be furnished for examination, by applying to WM. CROSBY & CO. Publishers, 118 Washington street.
Wanted—Men to solicit subscribers to the above work. n 28

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.
Refer to Sidney Willard, A B. Muzzey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.
The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarter unequally.
The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.
Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, Winter or Spring, 50 } in
Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.
Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, and $12, and $15 a quarter; $20, $35 and $55 a year, in advance.
Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.
Painting in water Colors, $6 a quarter.
Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge, by the ordinary Teachers or by Mr VAUTIER, for $8 00.
Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.
The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.
A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.
A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.
A few pupils can be received into the family and school from Monday morning to Friday P. M., for $43 00 the quarter.
D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, July 1st, 1840. july 11

REVIEW OF THE D'HAUTEVILLE CASE, recently argued and determined in the Court of General Sessions for the city and County of Philadelphia, by a Member of the Boston Bar. just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S corner of School and Washington streets. j 23

BOYDELL'S SHAKSPEARE.—A collection of prints from pictures painted for the purpose of illustrating the dramatic works of Shakspeare, by the artists of Great Britain, in 2 vols, folio. One copy of this magnificent work beautifully bound in morocco, for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. j 23

NEW BOOKS.—Lately received at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School streets—North American Review for January, No 90—The Chess Player—Ella, or the July Tour—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child—Constance, or the Merchant's Daughter—Humphrey's Clock, by Boz, No 19—Howitt's Visits to Remarkable places—Howitt's Rural Life in England—Sermons delivered by Mr Greenwood—The Rhode Island Book for 1841—Memoir of Dr Bowditch by his Son—Wellstead's Travels to the City of the Caliphs—The Renunciation, by Miss Burney—Thoughts in Past Years, by Keble, author of the Christian Year—Poetry of Woman—Mrs Adams's Letters, new ed—Sacred Melodies, or Hymns for Youth—Coleridge's Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit. j 23

ORTHOPEDIC INFIRMARY,—*for the Treatment of Spinal Distortions, Club-Feet, etc.* At 65 Belknap Street, Boston. Patients from a distance can be accommodated with board in the immediate neighborhood. JOHN B. BROWN, M. D. Surgeon.
We the subscribers approve of Dr J. B. Brown's plan of an Infirmary for the treatment of Spinal Affections, Club-Feet, and other Distortions of the human body, and will aid him by our advice whenever called upon.
John C. Warren, George Hayward, Edw. Reynolds, Jno. Randall, J. Mason Warren, John Jeffries, John Homans, M. S. Perry, W. Channing, George C. Shattuck, Jacob Bigelow, Enoch Hale, W. Strong, George Parkman, D. Humphrey Storer, George W. Otis Jr., Winslow Lewis, Jr., J. H. Lane, Edw. Warren, George B. Doane, John Ware, George Bartlett, John Flint, J. V. C. Smith.
The above Institution has now been in operation over two years. During this time, a large number of Invalids have been admitted, who were suffering under almost every kind of physical deformity, particularly *curvatures of the Spine* and *Club-Feet*, of all variety and degree.
The plan of Treatment in this Infirmary is in conformity with the most enlightened principles, which, in practice, have been found so successful in the modern Orthopedic Institutions of Europe. With what success it has been attended here, may be known by inquiring of any of the regular surgeons or physicians of this city.
Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—Just received at the Sunday School Depository, 124 Washington street, a fresh supply of Sunday School Books. Those purchasing are invited to call, and those at a distance will have particular attention paid to their orders.
—Just published—
Hope on, Hope Ever! by Mary Howitt
Strive and Thrive, by do
Country Rambles
A Gift from my Teachers
Historic Tales, by Mrs Lee
Industry, by a Lady
The Scholar's Aid
The Scholar's Friend
Also, a good collection of Books for Teachers.
Orders gratefully received.
BENJ. H. GREENE,
s5 tf 124 Washington, corner Water st.

FASHIONABLE SHAWLS, RICH SILKS, &c. AT RETAIL.
E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington Street, has just returned from New York, with an elegant assortment of SPRING GOODS, consisting of French Cassimeres, Edinboro', Silk Plush, Fringed Damask and Velvet SHAWLS.
Rich Figured, Corded Reps, Double Chain and Heavy PLAIN SILKS, of the best styles, changeable and single colors, blue blacks, and beautiful light shades.
PLAIN DRESS SATINS, blue blacks, jet, browns, ash, stone, drab, blue, pink, pearl and white.
MOUSSELLINE DE LAINES and CHALIES, new styles. Lace Veils. Black and colored Alepines and Bombazines of the best make.
Hand Spun Family Linens, very cheap.
Linen Cambrics and Hdkfs; Linen Lawns; white and colored Table Cloths, Damask Nankins, and other articles at the lowest prices.
☞ The attention of purchasers is invited to this extensive Stock of desirable New Goods. march 28

JENKS & PALMER, Publishers and Booksellers, 151 Washington street, Boston. Furnish Country Traders, Towns, School Committees and teachers on fair terms. J H JENKS.
june 6 G. W. PALMER.

COTTON FLANNELLS, Shirtings and Sheetings may be obtained at the One Price Store, No. 28 Washington st., at uncommonly low prices. j 30

A NEW EDITION OF THE CHAPEL LITURGY.—A Liturgy for the use of the Church at King's Chapel in Boston; collected principally from the Book of Common Prayer, fifth edition, with family Prayers and Services, and other additions, by F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D. Just published by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jan 23

TALES FOR THE PEOPLE.—New edition, plates. —Just published by J. MUNROE & CO., a new stereotype edition of the Tales for the People, and their children, with beautiful English Steel engravings.
No 1. Strive and Thrive, by M